A HUSBAND AND WIFE TELL WHAT HAPPENED WHEN

"WE ANSWERED A WIFE-SWAP AD!"

Man's Life

The Action Magazine For M

AUG 50¢ PDC

MEN CAME . . . MEN DIED
BUT NO MAN EMERGED ALIVE

THE SCREAMING HORROR OF THE CAVE OF SKULLS!

THE SEX URGE THAT WOMEN CAN'T RESIST!

EXPOSING: THE SECRET WORKING of the BAIL BOND GAME!

DEATH WAITED FOR ME 1000 FEET BELOW!

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Beautifully designed, ruggedly handsome, Lead 'N Leather gladiator bracelets. Wear at work or play and quietly pack muscle on your arms.

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$14.98 per pair.
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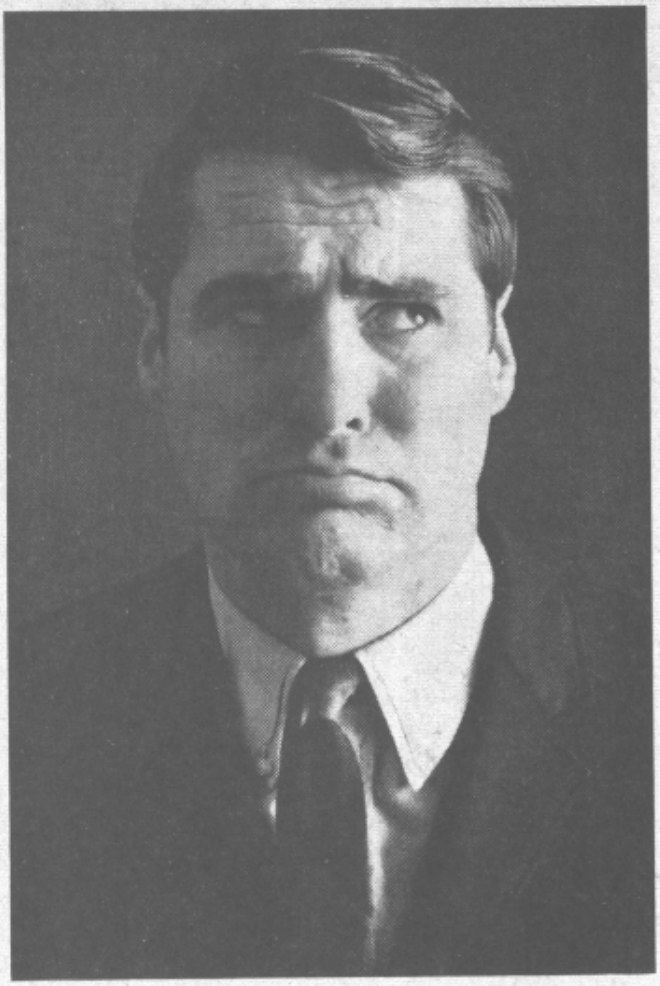

Did someone just pass you by, heading up?

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Man's Life

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Volume 14, Number 1 AUGUST 1970 The Action Magazine For MEN

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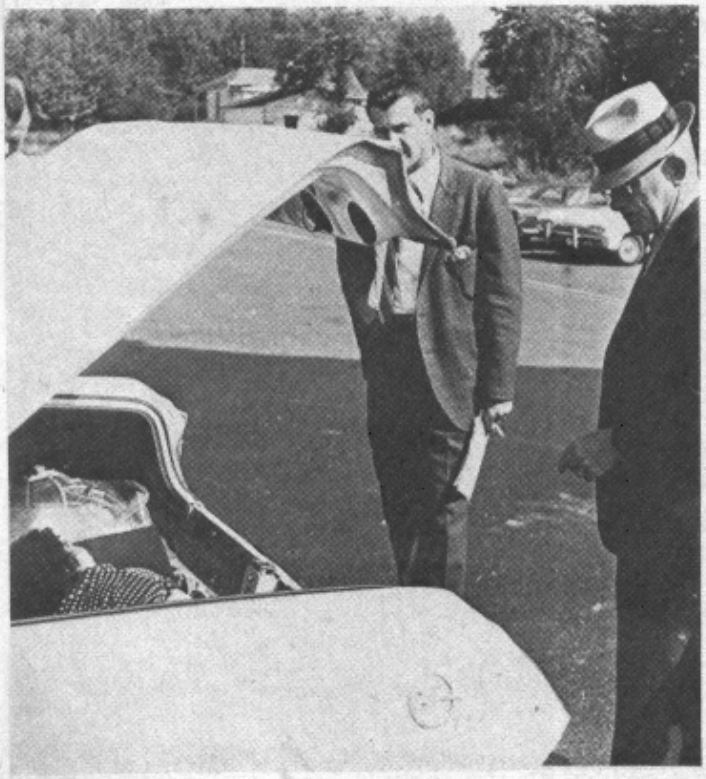
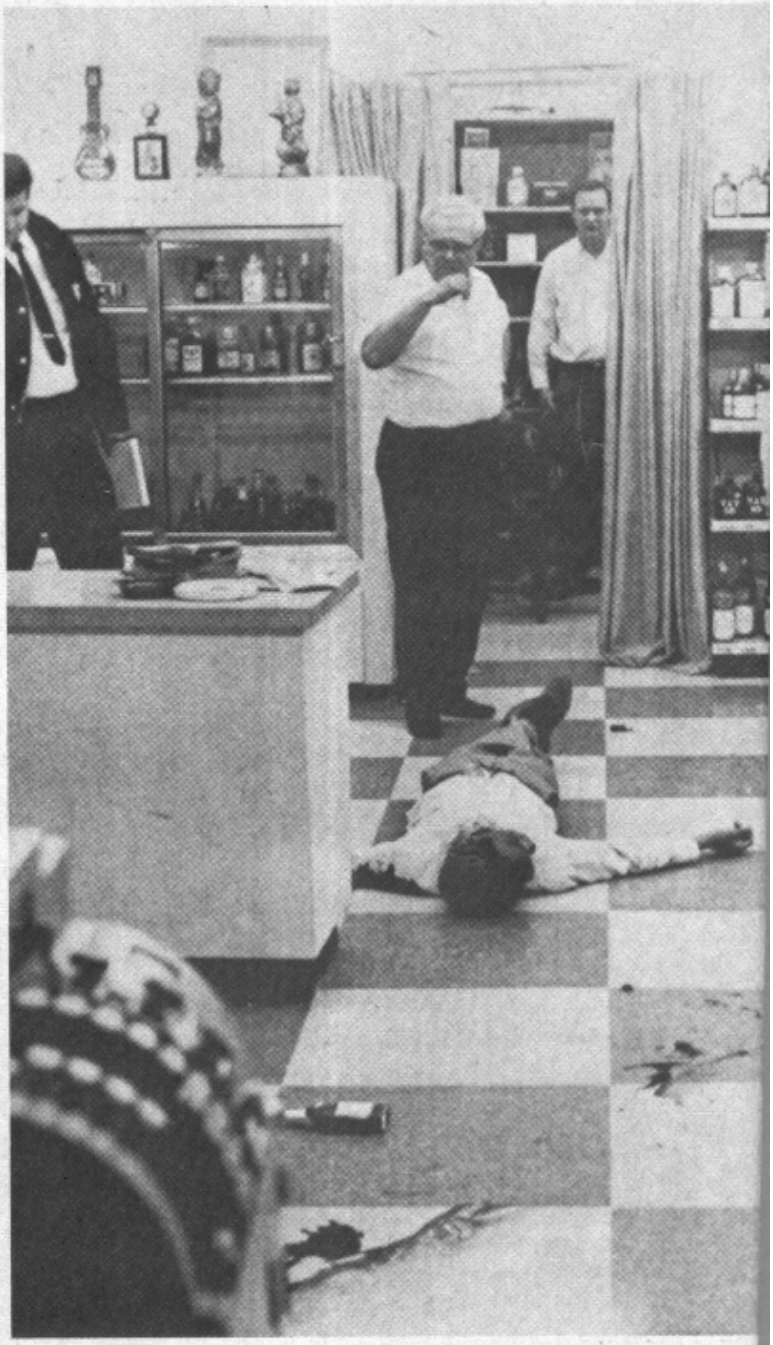
THIS VIOLENT WORLD





Memphis, Tenn.: Two men were shot to death after hold-up attempt at liquor store. On floor is James Forrest, 25. Also shown are two cops and owners Mr. and Mrs. Rex King.

Olympia, Washington was scene of police drama recently (above, top) as locksmith kneels to open trunk of abandoned car. When lock was sprung (above, bottom), trunk revealed body of real estate saleswoman Marjorie Thompson. Police Chief Fred Derrick (wearing hat) and other members of force inspect month-old corpse.

PICTURE YOURSELF...

REAL HAIR!

(100% HUMAN)

IN A "UNIVERSAL"

HAIRPIECE

Amazing Price Breakthrough

$29.95

(Expert Styling Extra)

Drawings above are artist's concept of same man in 3 styles. Photos present limitations; words are frequently inadequate: try to imagine . . .

I. The **CAESAR** . . . forward, in "bang" effect. Can be left long, short, informal. The really "in" style.

II. The **ROGUE** . . . for the swinging executive, eyeing London's Carnaby fashions. Hair usually longer than #I, sweeps l. to r.

III The **CONVENTIONAL** . . . more formal, usually shorter — a dash of dignity.

HIGHEST QUALITY
Comparable to Hairpieces Selling for $200 — $300 — $400

- HAND-MADE
- 100% HUMAN HAIR
- CUSTOM-STYLED
- CUSTOM-MATCHED
- GUARANTEE

You must be absolutely satisfied that a **UNIVERSAL HAIRPIECE** lives up to its claims. If not, we will refund your money in full, or exchange, or credit, whichever you prefer, provided the item is returned within 10 days, and, of course, provided it has not been additionally cut, styled or worn.

THIS COULD BE YOU!

Meet Pete Rogers. Pete almost worried himself sick when hair loss began. He tried several so-called baldness remedies before he got guts enough to brave a hairpiece. He found out that while hair doesn't make you more masculine—it sure increases your opportunity to prove it!

Deep down, he had agonizingly anticipated embarrassment, ridicule, insecurity. While pleasantly surprised at the immediate acceptance of friends and family, still, the price bugged him. His first cost a small fortune—$325. Then he discovered the UNIVERSAL. Amazingly, at no quality sacrifice, Pete now pays only $29.95 . . .

° ° °

Pete Rogers may be a fictitious name. But his problem is shared by millions. He is a composite, true-to-life balding American male, based on numerous testimonials and psychological research studies.

HAIR IS "IN"

Every man knows that a revolution has taken place in grooming attitudes. You are no longer considered an odd-ball if you sport side-burns, a spiffy mustache, or even chin-whiskers.

More men now go to "hair-stylists," not barbers. More are non-conformist about the way they comb their hair, how long, or even whether it's really their own hair. Such decisions seldom invite criticism or ridicule. So, it was inevitable that these new attitudes — and demand — would lead to a hairpiece price breakthrough.

500,000 PETE ROGERS'

If you are one of the 40 million U.S. men who are affected by hair loss, it would fascinate you to talk to a representative handful of the 500,000 Pete Rogers' who have already overcome their initial doubts about hairpieces. Despite having paid an average price of $325, the average Pete Rogers will enthusiastically tell you that a properly-matched, well-groomed hairpiece:

- **Makes a man look his natural age—or younger**
- **Restores confidence**
- **Presents a masculine, vigorous appearance**
- **Is a definite social / business asset**
- **Makes possible more fun out of life**

So, the real question is: Can a budget-priced UNIVERSAL Hairpiece live up to the claims of one selling for 5 to 10 times as much?

YOU CAN COMPARE CLAIMS

Here's what we claim unconditionally for the UNIVERSAL:

HAND-MADE
100% HUMAN HAIR
CUSTOM-MATCHED
CUSTOM-STYLED
EASY, INEXPENSIVE UPKEEP
LASTS YEARS—DURABLE
LIGHT, COMFORTABLE
ABSOLUTELY SECURE
UNDETECTABLE

To be more technical, not only is the human hair used of exceptional, refined quality, but the hand craftsmanship produces a double-knotted, closely-spaced "scalp"-effect. This provides "body" for versatile styling, on a special long-lasting "breathing" base. The simulated part is detection-proof.

And YES — you can WORK, SLEEP, SWIM OR PLAY in a budget-priced UNIVERSAL

So, on all counts, a UNIVERSAL meets or beats all competition.

HOW CAN WE DO IT?

The UNIVERSAL is the creation of two ex-competitors! During the 1950's, these battling executives literally pioneered the whole concept of modern merchandising in men's hairpieces. Out of their decades of experience has now come a revolutionary space-age approach to manufacturing.

The trick: Volume production, utilizing the finest materials and skill, but at no sacrifice in quality! Standardization, based on experience with thousands of men, has resulted in an almost computerized approach to hair-matching. Based on techniques perfected in allied fields, a UNIVERSAL is hand-made, but costs only a fraction to produce. UNIVERSAL deals in hair by the ton.

Consider, too, the mail order procedure eliminates several high-profit middle-men, sales commissions, etc.

SO EASY TO ORDER

The 3 styles shown above were suggested exclusively for UNIVERSAL by the editors of the authoritative trade magazine, MEN'S HAIRSTYLIST, as being the most representative of today's trend in hairgrooming. When you order your UNIVERSAL, you specify, and it will be custom-styled for you by an expert.

Additionally, all we need is (1) simple measurements, and (2) a generous sample of your hair for proper matching. Although your UNIVERSAL may require some additional cutting later (which almost any barber or beautician can do, following our enclosed instructions), you are free to experiment, try on, test, etc., for ten days. **If not completely happy with your decision, you can return the undamaged hairpiece for full refund or exchange, less styling.**

FREE! — NO EXTRA COST

Your UNIVERSAL will come in a plain, unmarked package. Open it, and you will be pleasantly surprised with the EXTRAS. Like: beautiful simulated leather (masculine-type) storage case • styrofoam hairpiece form • generous supply of new pre-cut Miracle-Stik double-faced adhesive • spirit gum • handy traveling comb-&-brush set • complete CARE-CLEAN-CUTTING instructions. Kit valued at over $5.00—but no extra cost to you if you ORDER NOW. OFFER LIMITED.

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EASY TO ORDER • FULL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

HERE'S WHAT YOU DO:

1. Check style desired from drawings, top.
2. Measure bald area as shown in drawing, right. Fill blanks, below.
3. Enclose your hair samples, generous as possible, from back and temples.
4. Make check or money order payable to UNIVERSAL.

Preferred Style:

- ☐ I—CAESAR
- ☐ II—ROGUE
- ☐ III—CONVENTIONAL

My Measurements:

AA . . . . . inches
Imagine hairline. Measure front to back, bald or thin area.

BB . . . . . inches
Widest portion of imaginary oval.

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YES! — I'll try an individualized, custom-styled UNIVERSAL HAIRPIECE, with FREE StorEasy Service Kit. I understand I must be completely satisfied that it lives up to your claims, or I can return it undamaged within 10 days for full refund.

- ☐ Enclosed is $29.95 + $5 styling fee. Total: **$34.95** saving myself sales tax, post., insur., handling.
- ☐ I have enclosed partial payment—$15. Mail C.O.D. for balance, which I will pay postman, incl postage, etc.

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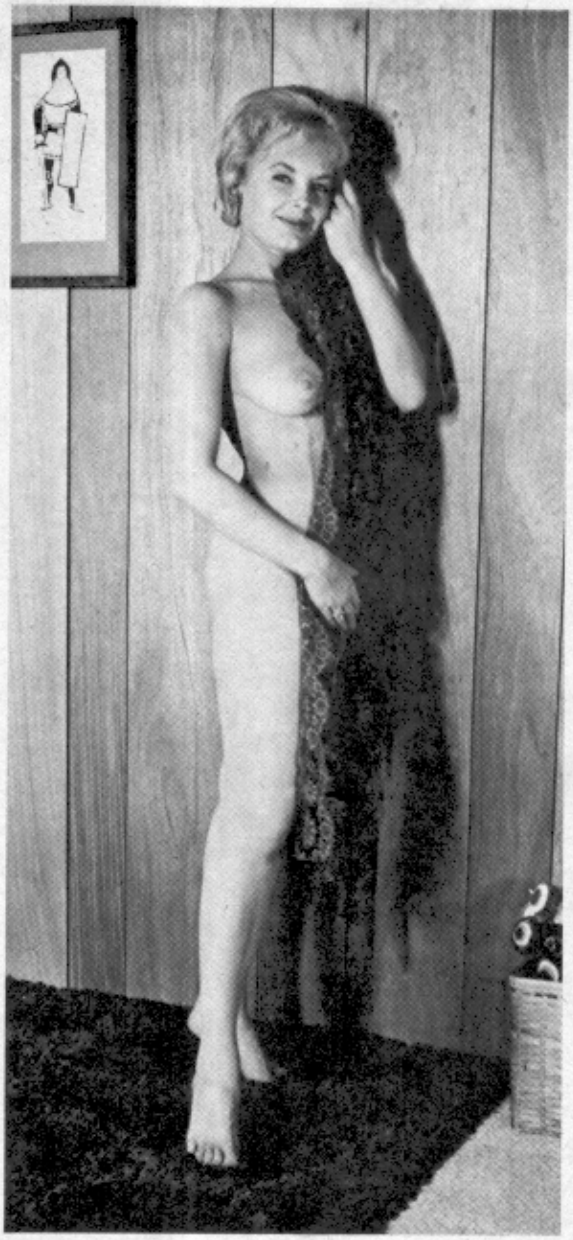

Gerry Parker is called a dream doll because of her out-of-sight figure zeroing in at 38-22-38!

An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — **these are Nature's Red Flags** warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

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"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L.H.M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out." —D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D. W. G., c/o FPO., N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. LeB, Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C. E. H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C.T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
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"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R. H., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
—Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

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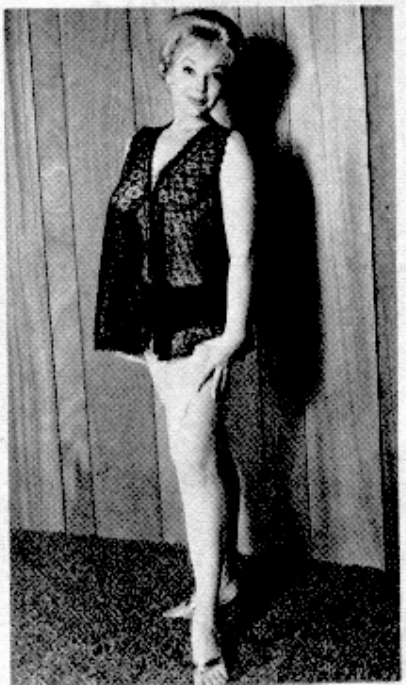

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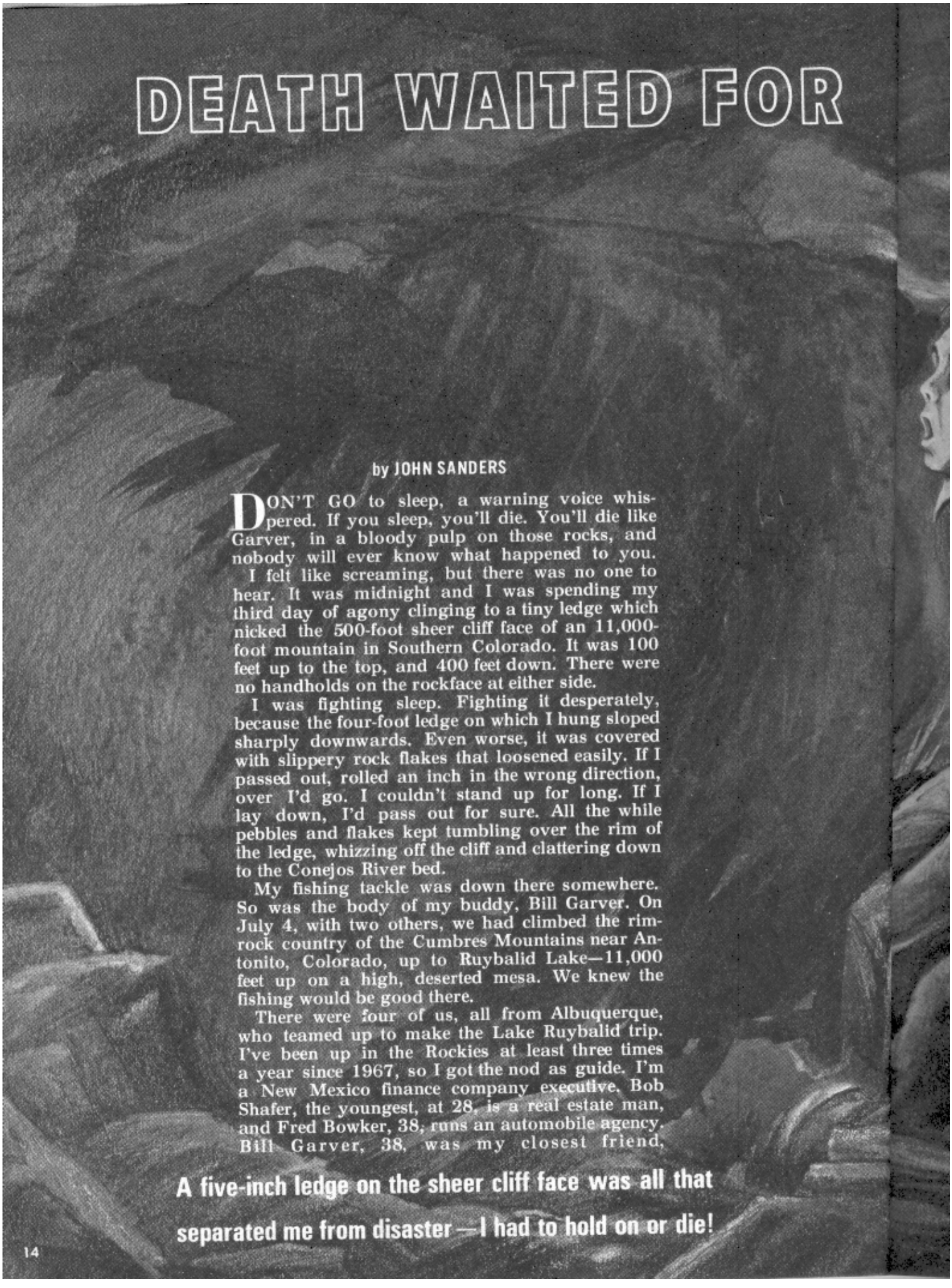


DEATH WAITED FOR

by JOHN SANDERS

DON'T GO to sleep, a warning voice whispered. If you sleep, you'll die. You'll die like Garver, in a bloody pulp on those rocks, and nobody will ever know what happened to you.

I felt like screaming, but there was no one to hear. It was midnight and I was spending my third day of agony clinging to a tiny ledge which nicked the 500-foot sheer cliff face of an 11,000-foot mountain in Southern Colorado. It was 100 feet up to the top, and 400 feet down. There were no handholds on the rockface at either side.

I was fighting sleep. Fighting it desperately, because the four-foot ledge on which I hung sloped sharply downwards. Even worse, it was covered with slippery rock flakes that loosened easily. If I passed out, rolled an inch in the wrong direction, over I'd go. I couldn't stand up for long. If I lay down, I'd pass out for sure. All the while pebbles and flakes kept tumbling over the rim of the ledge, whizzing off the cliff and clattering down to the Conejos River bed.

My fishing tackle was down there somewhere. So was the body of my buddy, Bill Garver. On July 4, with two others, we had climbed the rim-rock country of the Cumbres Mountains near Antonito, Colorado, up to Ruybalid Lake—11,000 feet up on a high, deserted mesa. We knew the fishing would be good there.

There were four of us, all from Albuquerque, who teamed up to make the Lake Ruybalid trip. I've been up in the Rockies at least three times a year since 1967, so I got the nod as guide. I'm a New Mexico finance company executive, Bob Shafer, the youngest, at 28, is a real estate man, and Fred Bowker, 38, runs an automobile agency. Bill Garver, 38, was my closest friend,

A five-inch ledge on the sheer cliff face was all that separated me from disaster—I had to hold on or die!

ME 1000 FEET BELOW!

Rescue workers start the dangerous descent to my ledge. By the time help arrived, I was too exhausted to climb up and had to be lowered in a sling down to the ground.

and had a promising career with the University of New Mexico. All of us liked to fish, up where a man is free of the holiday campers, and where the fish are big enough to call a bite a bite.

We drove up to Southern Colorado and set up a base camp on the south fork of the Conejos River. That was July 3rd. We had a four-day week end ahead, and expected to return to Albuquerque the following Sunday night. It was hot and dusty at the base camp and we were anxious to get up on the Ruybalid Mesa, where 11,000-foot altitudes spelled cool winds and good fishing.

When we reached the lake, we separated. Bill joked about how the lake still owed him the big trout that he'd hooked and lost last year, or one just like it.

The fishing was fine. In a few hours I'd tugged out all the rainbows the law allows—big, healthy floppers, the kind a man dreams about. Bill got the big one he came for—and then some. He was whistling happily as the sun climbed down over the horizon and we started back for base camp.

Coming around a finger in the lakeshore, Carver stopped and began to root in his pockets. "Lost my wallet somewhere," he growled. "Probably down on the trail where we climbed over those boulders." He prodded the air with his finger—pointing toward the mesa rim we'd skirted on the way up.

"Nobody's going to take it," I reassured him. "We'll scare it up on the way back."

WE DIDN'T see or hear the others but since we'd fixed a rendezvous point at the long end of the mesa, there was no problem. We'd be late if the wallet was hard to find, but probably not much. There was a nice wad of folding money in it, Bill said, along with his drivers' license, ID cards, and keys. He convinced me that we ought to search for it, then and there.

High in the Rockies darkness comes on quickly, like turning off a light. It was nearly seven—an hour later that we'd meant to fish. We found the scatter of rocks where Bill thought he'd dropped the billfold, and we split up to comb the long grass and brush.

Garver moved away about twenty feet from me, muttering angrily—but still no wallet. Now I could barely see him in the thick dusk, and I started after him so we wouldn't get separated. I was nearly parallel with him, poking at the ground with a stick—at anything that looked wallet size. We didn't know it, but we were inching toward death, toward the edge of a 500-foot cliff that dropped straight

down to the riverbed below. In the gloom, Garver and I mistook the black empty air for solid ground.

Moving slowly, eyes on the ground, we went over the edge together. Garver gave a startled grunt and a second later he was gone—vanished into black nothingness. I felt the rock crumble like rotten mortar and pitched out into space. My fishing rod flew away, there was a screaming pain as my hip hit a projecting rock, and then I was rolling down a rocky slope, felt my fingers rip open on the edge of a sharp rock, slowing me for an instant. My feet thrashed madly for support, but there was nothing. I started to fall. Even in that moment of terror, I heard Garver yelling, and heard the rattle of loose rocks as he tumbled down below me. The cliff face was a dark blur going by, and I was battered by one smashing blow after another from the jagged surface. I tried to dig in with my heels—against the fall—sensing rather than seeing that the cliff would soon drop away for hundreds of feet. Then I smashed into a tough little tree twisting almost straight of the rock.

I grunted with pain, the breath exploded from my lungs, but at least I had stopped falling. Gasping and groping, I saw that the tree grew out from a tiny ledge, and I hauled myself onto it.

Hanging there, I heard a heavy thud, then another in the darkness below, as Garver's body crashed and bumped down the face of the cliff. Then a sound of pebbles rattling, then silence.

My lip was swelling where I'd banged the rock face. Blood trickled through my torn fingers and my hip was numb from the blow I'd taken when I fell. Too terrified to move, I felt gingerly toward the cliff and found that I'd landed on a ledge less than four feet wide by five feet long, more like a tilted shelf than a ledge. It was an effort to lie still, one hand stretched out stiffly to prevent my rolling off into space.

"Got to wait till daylight," I told myself. "Garver must be dead, but somebody will find me. Somebody will find me."

I fought to suppress the panic and despair that gripped me. I tried to think—to measure my chances. My survival kit added up to a pack of matches and a knife. I thought of Bowker and Shafer waiting at the rendezvous point, and remembered that neither was much of a mountaineer. Certainly not enough to swing my 200-pound weight off the cliff.

How high was the cliff? I had to find out. Groping in the dark for a rock, I found one and tossed it over the edge. There was a silence—a long wait—then a clatter as the rock hit stone. Then I heard the rock clatter again, far below.

I WASN'T too badly injured, but the slightest movement could plunge me off the ledge to join Garver, lying mangled on the jagged rocks below. It was getting cold—the sun had gone down—and my thin jacket was no protection. Daylight was a million years away.

Hours crawled by. I shifted my position by a fraction of an inch. With every move, rock chips clattered away into the black hell below me. Shuddering with cold, I hung on like death, forcing my mind into a sort of daze that wasn't sleep.

Daylight brought fresh horror. I was on a narrow shelf on a sheer canyon wall that fell 400 feet. The cliff bellied out about a hundred feet down, and I couldn't see the river. The little tree which saved my life was the only one for many yards in any direction.

Now that I could see, I permitted myself to move a little. Some of the rock flakes which covered my ledge could be scooped off, but it couldn't be flattened out. I struggled into a sitting position, one arm snaked around the tree. Knives of pain stabbed through my numb, bruised body. I tried a yell that came out like a croak. My throat was raw and parched.

I was thirsty and hungry. I thought of the ham and eggs I should be having now at base camp. The steaming coffee. I thought of dying here—waiting for the buzzards to find me. I was like a fly pinned to a display board. I was as good as dead.

Bowker and Shafer would certainly be searching frantically by now. What I didn't know was that they were handling the search alone. They retraced our steps all the way to the lake without finding a mark of our progress. Whistles and yells brought no response, although at times they must have been within a hundred yards of the rim of the mesa.

The day dragged by like a crippled dog. I was sick with frustration. Nothing had changed when the sun dropped the mountains into darkness. My aching muscles were screaming for activity. My throat ached and burned from yelling all day. The rolling echoes still rang in my ears. I couldn't believe that the birds I'd seen flying overhead —doves and blackbirds—were unconcerned whether I lived or died

It's just as well I didn't know what was happening. Not finding us, Bowker and Shafer had driven to the county sheriff's office late Saturday, reported our disappearance, and asked for search parties. The sheriff didn't get excited. He felt that Garver and I had just wandered off in the wrong direction, that we'd be back "directly."

"Lots of fellows do it every year," he drawled.

Sunday came, Sunday went. Strangely, I was no longer thirsty —just hungry. I scanned the sky for Civil Air Patrol planes—for a helicopter that would swing me off this desolate perch.

All through Sunday I twisted and turned, massaging useless muscles, inventing thoughts to crowd out complete despair.

The third night came—colder than before—but it helped me to keep awake. I knew—with finality—that if I slept I'd wake only when I dropped off the ledge into eternity.

This is ridiculous! They must be searching for me by now. Monday morning dawned with spatters of rain. By now I didn't care any more. My past life was beginning to seem unreal. Once, during the day I heard the grinding of gears as a truck moved faraway in the distance. I shouted and stopped, feeling foolish, realizing that the strain would drain off my last energy. I began to hate everything—my fishing partners, the whole human race, for letting me die on this desolate cliff.

THE SUN was blazing in the sky and I lay staring blankly at the mountains across the river, when I heard a shout. It was a dim echoing sound, but enough to make me come alive. Excitement nearly rolled me off the ledge. I croaked, I yelled, I screamed with the strength of desperation. Halloos responded above me and grew louder as Bowker and Shafer and a search party of forest rangers and ranchers approached the cliff from the top side. An experienced rancher named Bill McEntyre had been scanning the towering cliff as the party circled the lake, and when they got closer he saw the crumbled-away gouges where Carver and I had gone over the edge.

Wild joy filled me as a rope came snaking over the cliff, swinging down to where I could reach it. The fact that I couldn't see who was at the other end of the rope unnerved me. "I can't see you!" I yelled. A reassuring voice came back. "I can't see you either, but calm down," Rancher McEntyre's voice said, startlingly clear. "We'll stay right here with you."

Elation subsided to misery when I found that I couldn't pull myself up the rope. Long days and nights without food and water or sleep had robbed me of my strength. Above, I could hear excited voices, including those of Bowker and Shafer. Both called down to take it easy, to relax. *Relax!*

My inability to climb up the rope was a new problem . . . one which took all night. Shouting my-

(Continued on page 60)

THE SECRET WORKINGS of the BAIL BOND GAME!

If it weren't for me, a lot of innocent people would still be behind bars awaiting their trials!

by JOHN BOZAK

A GOOD MANY people remember January 2, 1965 as the day Ohio State beat California in the Rose Bowl, 17-14. It's the next day that sticks in my mind. On January 3rd of that year, a perfect stranger took me for $50,000.

That was the amount of bond I posted to guarantee the appearance of a citizen in a Los Angeles Courtroom. The man was tall and lean, and draped in an expensive suit. He was accused of embezzling forty-nine thousand dollars from a local Building and Loan Company.

This citizen had gone beyond embezzling. He was caught in a motel room with the wrong woman. In the excitement of the arrest, he had tapped the proprietor over the head with a suitcase. Since the use of anything but the naked fist constitutes felonious assault, this Beverly Hills taxpayer was in serious trouble.

But he asked for help, fifty thousand dollars' worth, and I gave it to him.

I am fifty-two years old, a resident of the State of California. I am able to satisfy the Insurance Commissioner that I have a good reputation, and that I do not associate with persons of bad reputation, gamblers or dissolute characters—except in the course of business.

Having met those requirements, my license is renewed under Title 10, Section 2053 of the California Administrative Code. I get an identification card from the State, and some business cards from my printer. Then I'm ready to go to work.

The County of Los Angeles is a gigantic funnel. On the outer rim are the dozen Police Division jails, gobbling up the misdemeanants and the suspected felons. Lower down is the main jail at Lincoln Heights. Ringed around the tight neck of the funnel are the Superior Courts in the Halls of Justice. The man who doesn't stop slipping downward in the Superior Courts, the convicted felon, steps off into space and plummets down to San Quentin or one of the other lesser-known bastilles.

There are about ninety bail agents in the Los Angeles area. Our job is to make sure a man gets a fair shake before he steps off into space. We're kept busy.

A certain percentage of the 2,000,000-plus people in the County is always in trouble. There's hardly an hour of the day or night that someone isn't being booked into the Division jails at Highland Park, Valley, Hollywood, University, Harbor. The sheep and the goats, the guilty and the innocent, are all scrambled on the blotters. Ten, twenty, thirty years of a man's life may hang in the balance in the seventy-two hours after he's picked up by the police.

In March of 1964, a boy and his girl were in a car parked alongside a jewelry store on Hill Street, in downtown L.A. It was late, it was dark, and there was soft music on the radio. Up to this point, everything was legal. Then someone came busting out of the jewelry store, poked a gun into the boy's ribs, and told him to start rolling the car.

Thirty seconds later, there were eight police cars screaming around them, setting up a barbed wire of red lights. In all the excitement, the real robber slipped away, and our two lovebirds found themselves nesting in a carful of stolen wrist watches.

THEY WERE locked up in Central jail, charged with robbery, and the bail was set at twenty-five hundred dollars each.

I took a chance on their innocence and put up the bail. They walked out of jail, free until their trial, ready to fight the burglary charge.

Without the bail I furnished, that boy and girl would have been locked up until their case came before a jury. They would have lost their jobs. The experience would have scarred them for life.

I never know where I'm going to pick up business. We're forbidden by law to make direct approaches to people that are picked up. The request must originate with them, or their lawyers or relatives.

I was at the "thinking state" in my Christmas shopping, standing outside Bullock's windows and looking over some toys for my grandchildren. I got to exchanging pleasantries with a mild-looking character standing beside me, and from that we exchanged business cards. According to the card, he was a livestock auctioneer up in Kern County.

Out of nowhere, two policemen moved in on my new friend. They told him he was under arrest. That act that man put on was something for the legitimate stage. He became a little fire-ball, ranting and raving, with all the words adding up to the same theme: "I'm a peaceful citizen. You can't arrest me! All I'm doing is standing here, waiting for my wife!"

He was wrong, of course, and the law led him away. The police have a legal right to pick up anyone on suspicion. They have a legal right to hold anyone for seventy-two hours while they fill in the background on suspicion.

Eighty percent of the people picked up are released at the end of the detention period because the suspicion proves to be groundless.

This dramatic actor outside Bullock's turned out to be one of the twenty percent. He was waiting for his wife, all right. She came out with a sackful of stolen merchandise—and the police escorted the two of them to a Hollywood apartment crammed with loot.

I got the business.

I have to take a chance on every client I choose to post bail. But in all my experience only three have jumped.

When my fancy embezzler found himself behind bars at the Valley jail, he was informed, as a matter of police routine, that it was his privilege to contact a lawyer. He lost no time.

The lawyer hurried out to the San Fernando Valley and asked the arrestee a lot of questions that sounded more like those asked by a family doctor, than by a lawyer. "How much do you weigh, Mister? How tall are you? Are those your own teeth?"

When he left the jail, the lawyer was armed with vital statistics that described the man behind bars better than his driver's license. The lawyer's next stop was the District Attorney's office on the sixth floor of the Hall of Justice. There the name was given a quick run-down in the D.A.'s private library—hundreds of thick, cumbersome books that list Who is Who in Criminology.

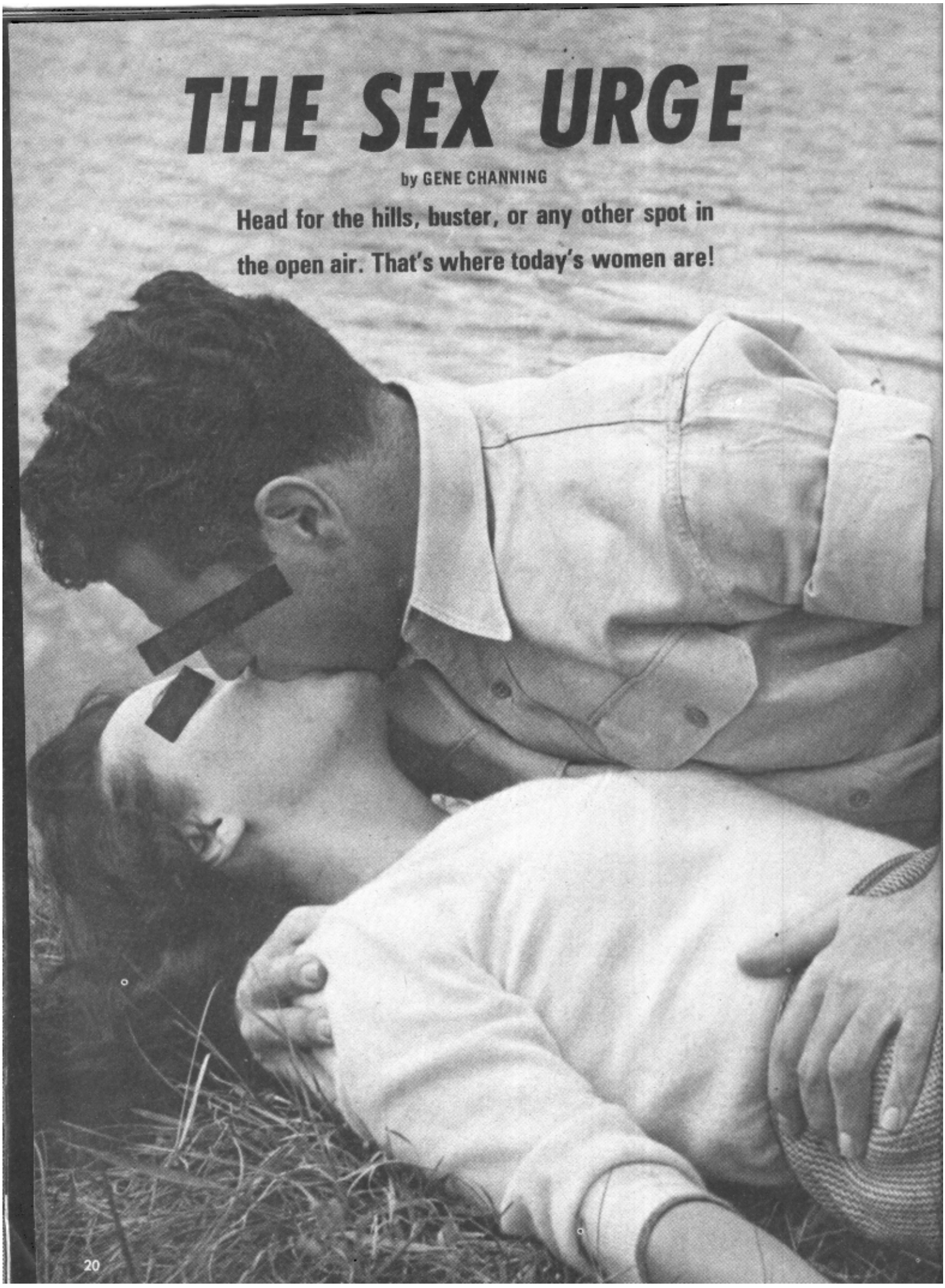
The D.A. has fifty deputies in his office. One of them took a personal interest in the case. After he had garnered all the facts, the deputy took a walk to the Judges' chambers, and recommended a bail figure.

(Continued on page 62)

THE SEX URGE

by GENE CHANNING

Head for the hills, buster, or any other spot in the open air. That's where today's women are!

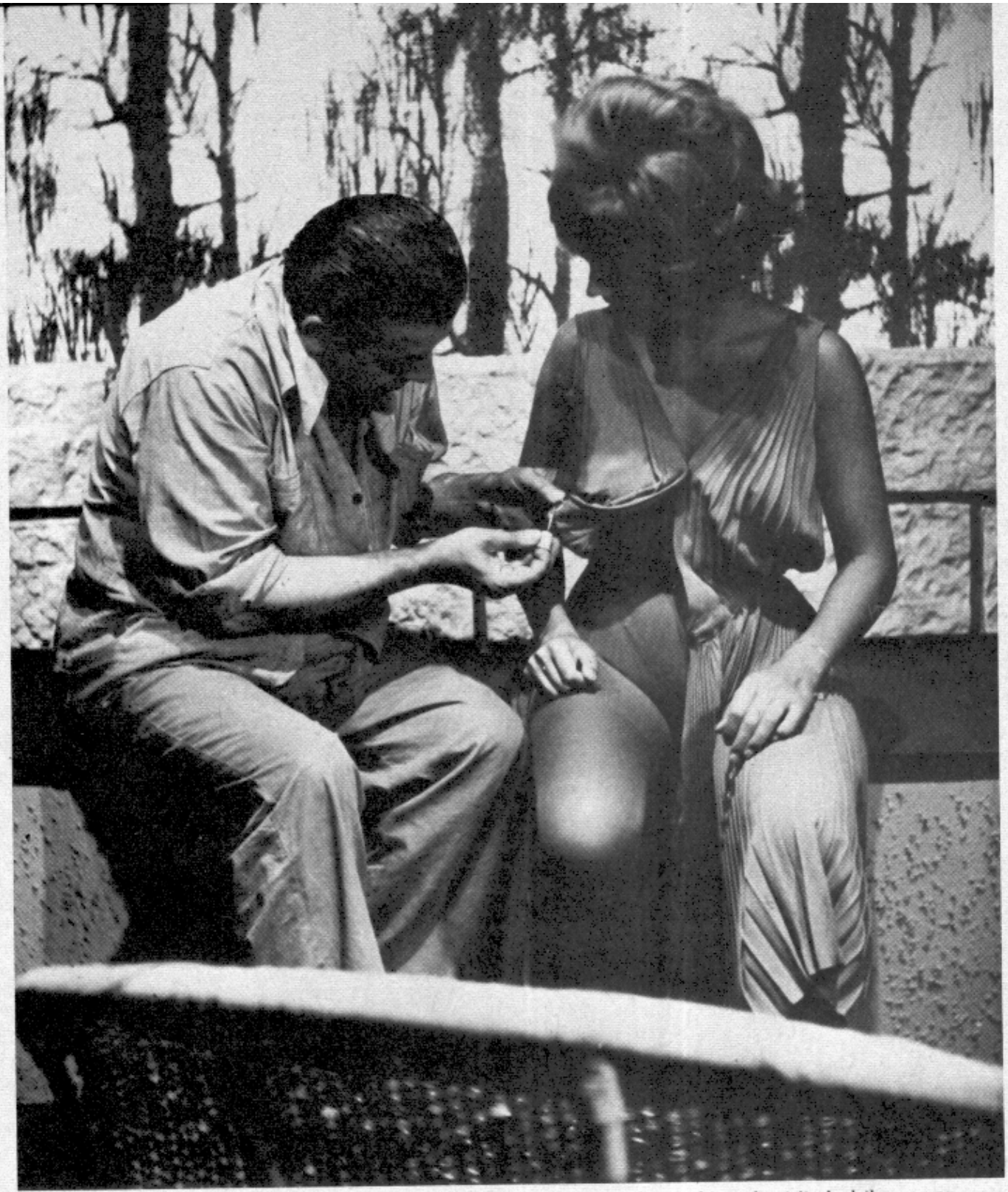


THAT WOMEN CAN'T RESIST!

Men wanted. Strong. Friendly. Climbing experience. Applicants (23-33) should be familiar with New York State mountain areas. Excellent pay for single men of good appearance. Conduct weekly field trips for professional women who enjoy back-to-nature living. Send photos. Interviews next week. Information regarded in strict privacy. Box XYZ . . ."

When the *Russet Mantlers*—twenty-five young Manhattan business women with a singular interest in life—recently opened their season in the Catskill Mountains, a backlog of male talent culled from the above ad sufficed to keep the all-girl club in business for months to come. Of the two hundred who replied to the ad, twenty applicants more than met the requirements. Interviews took place in a Greenwich Village garden apartment a week later and Bill Green, a junior at NYU with a background of the 82nd Airborne and a raft of mountain climbing, was among the first called up.

A spike-heeled redhead wearing tight black bullfighter's pants, sheer, low-cut peasant blouse and onyx cigarette holder, smilingly invited Green in. She held out a cocktail shaker and asked him to whip up something interesting. Bill complied. He was nobody's fool. The job paid too much to sound clean but he couldn't afford to turn it down without checking into it thoroughly. The



By the time the man realizes what's going on it's already too late to do anything about it. And the woman is once again the winner. But she can't help herself because this kind of lust just can't be controlled.

redhead took Bill out to the garden. A pile of wood awaited. He was asked to make a pit fire for barbecued steak. He complied.

Dining *al fresco*, Bill carefully avoided staring at the sight presented when the redhead leaned over the table. Under the peasant blouse was a ripe, young body that brought surging warmth through the applicant. After dinner, the redhead turned on the hi-fi set and stretched out with the chary young fellow on a nest of pillows. Bill kept his hands to himself. He did nothing even when the redhead, excusing herself, went into the bedroom and changed to a negligee—careful to leave the door open and herself in full view. Willie passed the interview with flying colors. At the end of a frustrating evening, the redhead told him:

"If you had so much as touched me, you'd have been disqualified. You'll be faced with many temptations, Bill, and they won't be easy to endure."

He ached all over when he turned in that night, but at least —so it seemed then—the *Russet Mantles* weren't a bunch of thrill-happy dames looking to hire their men by the season. They were legit and their selection committee of one. Barbara

Flannagan, a Madison Avenue copywriter, was burning proof that the club was really on the up and up. A guy who needed the dough, Bill Green consoled himself, wasn't about to be seduced by a pack of man-hungry dames looking for a new thrill. He took the job and gladly. So, too, four other stalwarts interested in making a good buck as "guides" for the all-girl outdoors club.

Psychology.

ELEMENTARY psychology, it worked like a charm on the former paratrooper and his fellow guinea pigs. Trouble was the dawn never broke until it was too late for any of them.

"We drove up in five cars, six to the car. In my load, I drove. They were all in their late twenties and early thirties. Nothing spectacular about any of 'em except the redhead," Bill explained in retrospect. "We drove about 130 miles from New York. The club owned a big lodge on the side of a mountain. It was a strange layout and a sumptuous one: five big bunkrooms off a center main room. In each was a kingsize bed like something out of the Arabian Nights, surrounded by smaller individual bunks.

"There wasn't any wood for the fire and it was much too late to go out and chop some. Barbara busted out the keys to the liquor cabinet and a couple of the other ringleaders fixed sandwiches and coffee. A big gun cabinet in the main room was locked. The joint was rigged for hi-fi. Bongo drums, tile bathrooms and expresso makers had me wondering just what the hell kind of outdoors living I was about to get.

"I found out when the lights went out."

The name of the game was tease. The object of the five-girl wrecking crew in Bill's compartment was to drive their guide, so-called, frantic with frustration. It started off with the impact of a freight train crashing a brick wall as Helen, a studious looking blonde, locked the door and ordered Bill into the big bed. Bill complied after an ineffectual protest.

Two good belts of whiskey, however, lowered his resistance just right.

"I woke up and found her beside me. She was pressing against me, and her feet were cold. The next damned thing, she was smothering me with kisses and running her hands through my hair. I didn't know what the hell to do. I couldn't get her away from me. She kept whispering, *'If this is a dream, please Lord don't let it stop! You're wonderful, dreamboat, just wonderful!'* I didn't want to foul up a good job, so I lay there in agony but didn't touch her."

The four other girls in Bill's compartment took their places beside him in slow succession when Madge finally disappeared in the dark. It went on all night. Green felt like a nervous wreck the next morning when, after stumbling into rough clothes, he joined the girls at the communal breakfast. The four other guides looked haggard. The *Russet Mantles* looked cool, calm and collected, on the other hand. They talked about their wonderful, refreshing sleep. They talked about the turning leaves and how they couldn't wait to see the change in nature; how they couldn't wait to inhale the crisp, tangy air of autumn; how they couldn't wait to climb the highest mountain handy. Bill Green groaned inwardly. He though: he was losing his mind.

"Till I had a chance to get the other fellows aside, I figured I'd lost my marbles on the way up from New York. They had the same kind of nightmarish night."

THE game of tease, went on without interruption the second night. Only it started off somewhat conventionally. There was music, plenty to drink and a roaring fire after the day-long hike in the woods. Green was pooped to begin with, but when asked to dance mambos, he heroically rose to the occasion. The party was rolling along in fine fashion when the sexy redhead called for lights out. Barbara Flannagan, girl exec, asked for torrid tempos on the hi-fi while doing a very unbusinesslady dance.

The insanity of the whole garish affair reached a climax in the middle of the second night when, after a repeat of the parade of sleep walkers, Bill Green staggered to the door looking to take the first trail back to civilization. He didn't get far. The door was locked and the key was nowhere he could get his hands on it. Disgusted, Bill Green hopped into bed. Next morning, they again pretended it was a big dream. Green took the punishment for a four-day weekend, then quit.

"No money in the world is worth that kind of a shellacking!" Green told this reporter. "Trouble was they had a long list of replacements to put through the paces, so I guess they'll finish out their season in grand style. How do you account for the whacky behavior? All I can think of is that they really hate men. They like to humble their employees, drive 'em crazy with desire and wear 'em out. I'm the proof . . ."

THE case of the *Russet Mantles* may be a little out of the ordinary, but not as much as you may suspect. After a careful census of the many off-beat outdoors groups, a veteran reporter comes to the conclusion that thousands of women use the outdoor lodge dodge to gather their rosebuds. Some wear hobnail shoes, sling ropes with the dexterity of veterans and call themselves mountaineers; others mess around under the ground in giant caverns examining rock formations; still others go in for such innocuous pastimes as group camping, hiking, nature study groups, bird watching and big game hunting.

What are the love habits of conchologists—shell hunters? The question never occurred to Roy Whitaker, Korean vet, who tried to put together a bankroll last summer while living in Miami. Roy got a job squiring around a pack of female shell hunters in the Sanibel Island vicinity. The gal who hired Whitaker wore horn-rimmed glasses and carried around a textbook on zoology. She was in her forties, a widow with plenty of dough and a beach cottage she loosely called her museum. The heads of former employees weren't stuffed and on display. In fact, aside from a few shells, the joint looked more like a plush hotel with everything from maid service to well-stocked bar.

"I didn't last long. The game of shell, shell, find the *genona* took too much out of me. The first time she tried it, we were walking along the beach far from the nearest cottage. She yelled *'Look there! It's a scarapatum genonus!'* I didn't know what the hell she was raving about, but when I stooped to pick up the silly looking thing, she barreled into me and knocked me flat! The glasses came off, the book fell out of her hand. She was a human passion pit, that women. She tore at me right there and yelled *'If you don't make love to me now, I'll tell the cops you tried to rape me!'* What could I do?"

Indoctrinated into the shell hunting game, Whitaker, a guy who liked to avoid any kind of trouble, went with the widow for several field trips. But when the lady bountiful brought along a few of her friends from Key West, that's when Whitaker quit.

"I *had* to draw the line somewhere," Roy blushed. "She was trying to force a crowd on me. She paid me off, saying I was a lousy lover anyway . . ."

IN San Francisco, an aggressive young surf fishing enthusiast with an eye to turning a buck, advertised that he was starting a class for aspiring sportsmen and women. The price of a day's trip was $3 with full instructions included. Nothing happened the first week, but a couple of days after the ad appeared again, Frank Boyd got a call from a woman who said she represented a small group of outdoor enthusiasts intrigued by the possibilities in surf fishing. Could Boyd handle four school teachers? Could he tote them out to some quiet, picturesque stretch of beach and instruct them in privacy? The big guy was tickled pink. The idea of a fishing school was hitting paydirt, Boyd told himself, feeling a measure of pride at results sight unseen. Four school teachers could easily become forty. At $3 a clip, he'd be making a small fortune in no time! His dream ran away with him slightly because like so many others who fall for the dodge of the outdoors femmes, he failed to anticipate the real results.

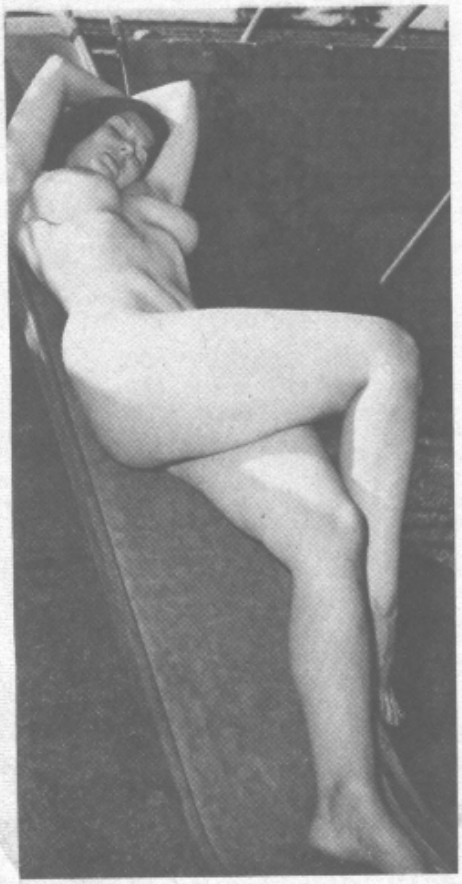
On the morning of the great day, Boyd loaded a station-wagon with surf sticks, waders, reels and cold drinks. He was a lean, good looking six-two. He was twenty-five and engaged, but the money he was making in a driving school was short and he needed something to put him over the hump. The angling seminar seemed like the perfect scheme—*and* it meant getting paid for something he enjoyed. Arriving at the appointed spot, Boyd amost keeled over when he opened the station wagon for his quartet of aspiring surfers. Far from being old-maid-teacher types, they turned out to be young, full of bounce to the ounce and cute as hell in sweaters-and-slacks.

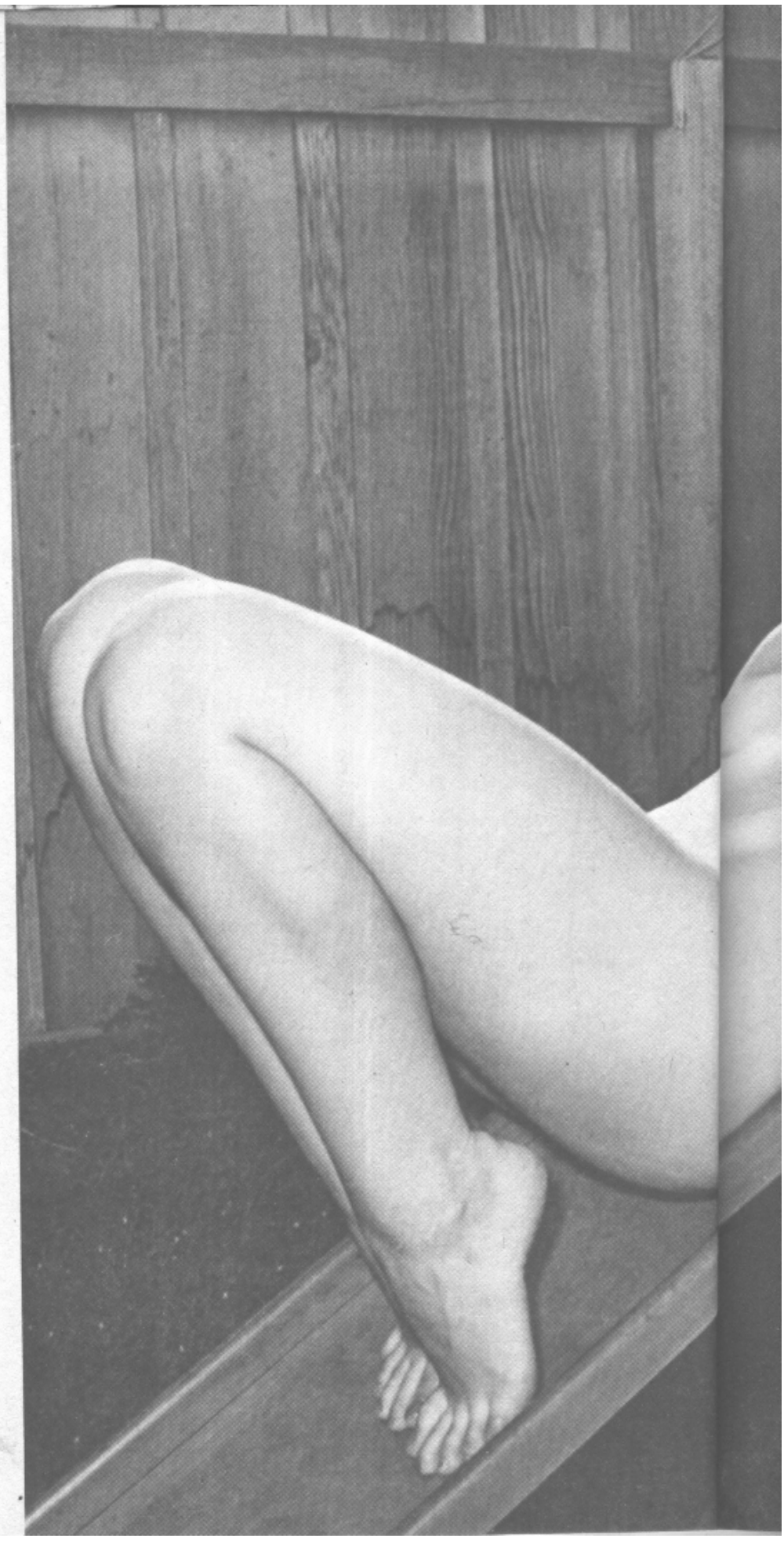
FRANK Boyd took his own bait. Two were blondes, the third an auburn,

(Continued on page 38)

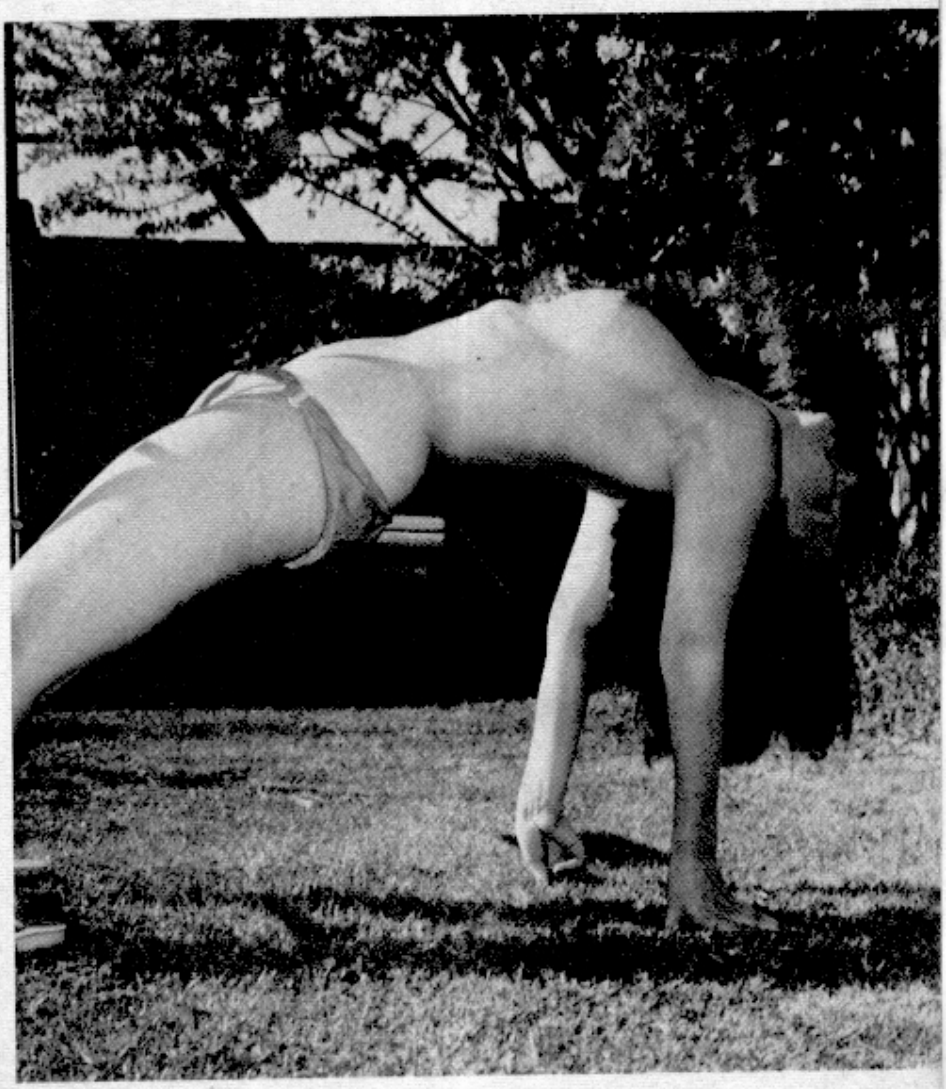
Nude Curves On A Pool Slide

Althea Currier, a French-Canadian beauty who now calls Hollywood her home, bares her silky soft skin to the warm West Coast sun!



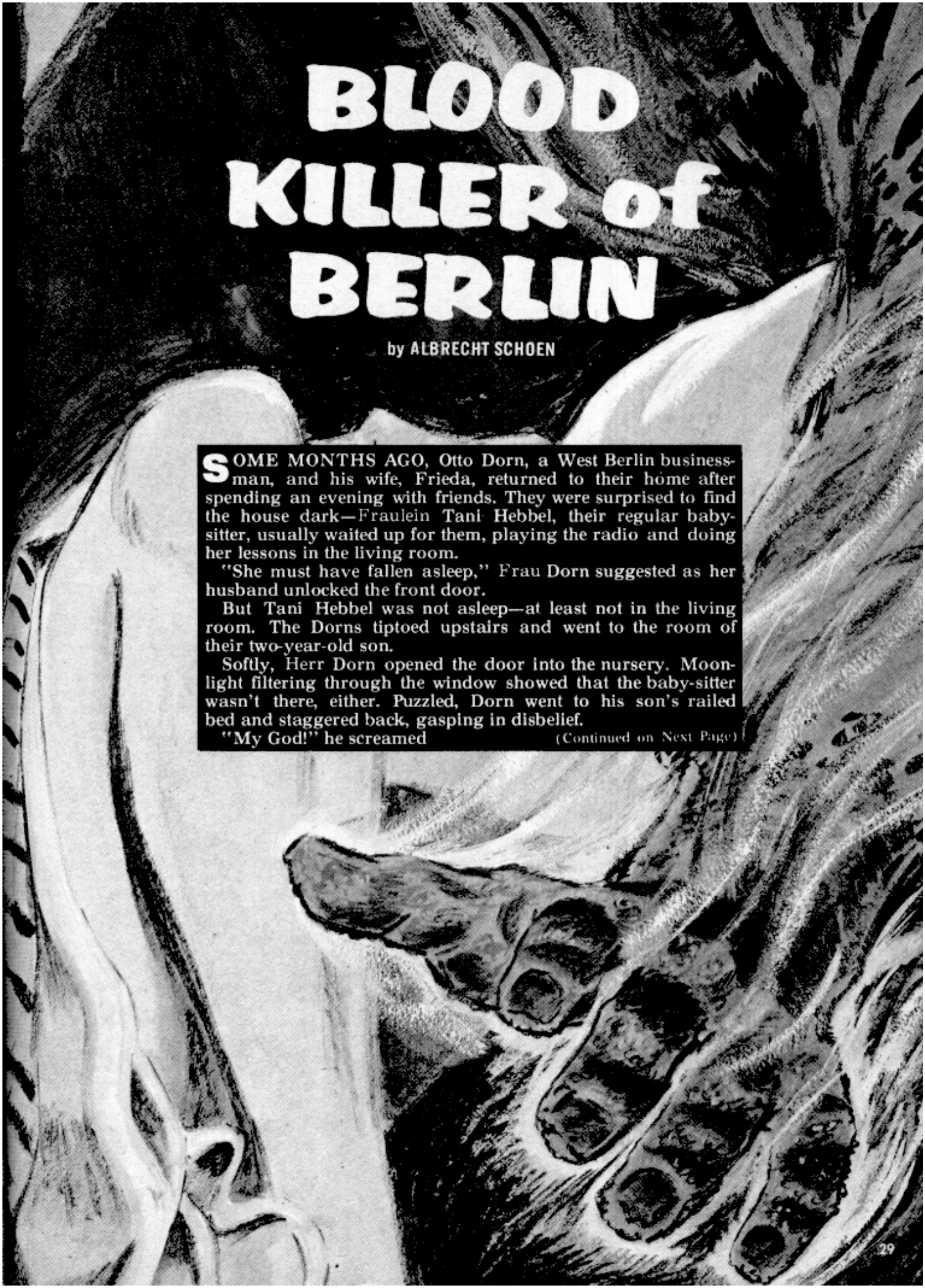


Did you ever consider the job a bikini must have holding in Althea's 35-22-36 figure? She solves this problem quite easily—and in the way we most prefer!



Nude Curves On A Pool Slide

East met West in terror as a Vampire
stalked the streets of the Walled City!



BLOOD KILLER of BERLIN

by ALBRECHT SCHOEN

SOME MONTHS AGO, Otto Dorn, a West Berlin businessman, and his wife, Frieda, returned to their home after spending an evening with friends. They were surprised to find the house dark—Fraulein Tani Hebbel, their regular baby-sitter, usually waited up for them, playing the radio and doing her lessons in the living room.

"She must have fallen asleep," Frau Dorn suggested as her husband unlocked the front door.

But Tani Hebbel was not asleep—at least not in the living room. The Dorns tiptoed upstairs and went to the room of their two-year-old son.

Softly, Herr Dorn opened the door into the nursery. Moonlight filtering through the window showed that the baby-sitter wasn't there, either. Puzzled, Dorn went to his son's railed bed and staggered back, gasping in disbelief.

"My God!" he screamed (Continued on Next Page)

She tried to scream but no words came out. Just a hand at first, but later the red-fanged teeth—appeared.

"Frieda—*the baby is dead!*" The child's tiny body was sprawled amidst the bed clothes, lying in a pool of its own blood—blood that was just starting to congeal.

Police and medical examiners arrived within minutes after the distraught, hysterical Dorns telephoned for help. Nothing could be done for the child.

The horror was beyond belief. The child's throat had been punctured—two deep holes had been gouged into his jugular vein. The wounds were made by what officers described as an ice-pick, or similar instrument.

Around each of the holes were the unmistakable marks of small human teeth! The bed clothes showed stains and marks—that could have been made only by human lips—lips wet with fresh human blood!

"It's—it's incredible!" one of the hardened investigators rasped. "But there can be no question. Whoever killed the child drank large quantities of its blood! This is vampirism!"

Otto Dorn, his face now ashen, gave the investigators the name and address of Tani Hebbel, their seventeen-year-old baby-sitter.

"But—but Tani couldn't have done it," he sobbed. "She's been our sitter for eight months—she loved the baby . . ."

Hard-boiled police nonetheless went immediately to Tani's home. Her foster-parents—she was an orphan—said that the girl hadn't come home yet. They had no idea where she could be. Detective Inspector Georg Müller noted that they were both extremely nervous, and appeared as though they were holding something back. Acting on a hunch, Müller ordered a complete search of the house.

Tani's room yielded little, until one officer opened a large wooden trunk-locker standing in a corner. He looked inside it—and called for his superior.

"Hardly the type of reading for a 17-year-old, is it?" Müller grunted as he sorted through the books stacked inside the trunk. They were volumes on demonology and witchcraft—there were even several volumes of obscene, pornographic erotica.

"Look here!" Müller picked up three tightly-corked glass vials. They contained a dark red fluid. "This looks like blood!"

IT WAS AT this point that I began my investigations of the case for a West German newspaper syndicate. Although a free-lance correspondent, I was fully accredited to the West German police and, along with similarly recognized reporters, was permitted to work with the officers concerned in the investigation.

We learned that Tani had vanished. This is much easier to do in the island city of Berlin than anywhere else in the world—and a disappearance there always poses unique problems. A fugitive from West Berlin justice can

easily slip across the boundary separating the Western part of the city from the Communist section.

It is *far more* difficult for West German police to follow them—or to obtain the cooperation of the Red Zone police. The Communists are suspicious by nature, assuming that any fugitive is doubtless fleeing because he is a Communist sympathizer or spy. The Reds will consequently spend weeks checking to see if there are any political implications behind a West German request for aid.

Such delays are maddening to West German authorities, but cannot be avoided. The usual appeal for cooperation was nonetheless sent to the *kommandatura* of East Berlin police.

In the meantime, detectives grilled Tani's foster-parents, her friends and schoolmates. Slowly, and with growing horror, they pieced together a shocking picture of juvenile depravity.

To the Dorns, and other West Berliners for whom she worked as a baby-sitter, Tani was a model girl—a pretty, slender blonde whose reliability had always been above reproach.

But such was not the case with others who knew her. Some of her schoolmates, several older men and not a few American soldiers stationed in Berlin, had found her to be a promiscuous little tart, whose insatiable appetites ran in exotic and perverted directions! Equipped with what her school masters said was an "exceptionally high" I.Q., Tani had consistently maintained high grades.

"She—she used to taunt us about her affairs—the things she did," *Frau* Erna Hebbel finally blurted after being questioned for several hours. "She even boasted about drinking blood—she said it . . . it excited her sexually, and that she was a vampire!"

Detectives sensed there was more to the story, and the whole sordid tale came out soon enough.

Tani's father had been killed on the Russian Front during World War II. Her mother died soon after, in an air raid. The Hebbels took the six-year-old child from a convent orphanage in 1946, adopted her and gave her their name. Kurt Hebbel was a good stepfather—until 1954, when the girl was 14. Then, coming home drunk one night, he broke into Tani's room and raped her.

Frau Hebbel, afraid of scandal and cowed by her husband's threats, did not report the incident to authorities. Nor did she take any action on subsequent occasions when her husband forced his adopted daughter into having relations with him.

Tani was terrified. Then, something that any psychiatrist can understand, happened to her personality. She began to stay out all night, picking up older men in the *gasthauses* and *bierstubes*.

Now it was her turn to terrify the Hebbels. She told them they would have to give her completely free rein, or she would go to the police and report her foster-father's acts herself. The Hebbels accepted the situation.

TANI PICKED UP a 42-year-old debauchee one night. He was a man familiar to vice police. They knew him as a degenerate, a jaded rouée who considered himself an expert on black magic and the "dark mysteries." He had been in and out of jail several times, his arrests always due to some sexual excess. The man was rich, and he was usually able to prevail upon the girls and women involved not to testify against him. Except for two short prison terms, he was always released.

The man initiated Tani into the arcana of the forbidden, leading her through the full range of sexual aberration and perversion. He introduced her to erotica, to the foul rites of black magicians and Satanists.

Oddly enough, Tani insisted on working as a baby-sitter to earn the money she needed for her everyday expenses. She also continued to attend school. Two or three—sometimes more—nights each week, she would accept baby-sitting jobs. On other nights, she picked up men or joined in the orgies that are tragically enough so commonplace in post-World War II Berlin.

No one knows when she became obsessed with the idea of blood-drinking and vampirism. The Hebbels swore that the first hint they received was in the Fall of 1956. One morning, *Frau* Hebbler found her pet canary with its throat cut. Timorously—for she feared the power the girl had over her and her husband—the woman asked Tani if she had killed the bird.

"Ja!" Tani had snapped. *"I killed it to drink its blood!"*

Among the books found in the girl's room were some dealing in part with vampirism. Such sections were heavily underlined, as was the story of Elizabeth Bathory, the 16th Century female monster who slaughtered more than 1,800 peasant girls in order to bathe in their blood. Elizabeth Bathory—a highly-placed noblewoman related to several Middle European kings of the period—believed that bathing and drinking the fresh blood of young women had an aphrodisiac effect and prevented her from growing old.

As I sat in on various interrogation sessions at the Berlin police headquarters, I became more and more convinced that the girl was criminally insane—capable of any enormity. Almost rapidly then, more evidence of her vampirism piled up.

Birds, chickens—even a neighbor's cat—had been killed by Tani. In each instance, there was proof—or at least sufficient indication that she had drained the creature's blood and drank it.

Inspector Müller discovered several men who reluctantly admitted intimacy with Tani. All were loath to talk at first, but when they learned the vicious nature of the crime she was suspected of committing, became wildly anxious to tell anything and everything about her, in order to clear *themselves* of any suspicion.

The men ranged from masochists, who had allowed Tani Hebbler to cut into their flesh and drink their blood—to an old, well-to-do shopkeeper of marked, abberational tastes. The latter gave a detailed description of one of his dates with the young vampire.

"At first, when she told me her ideas, I was repelled. But then, I figured, why not? It would be a novelty, at least. There was actually nothing wrong with it. No one was harmed—that is, *really* harmed.

"I called a woman I know who specializes in catering to 'exotic' tastes. It was completely on the up and up, and she made no objection. I paid her 200 marks—that's a lot of money. She never complained. You may ask her, if you wish. She'll tell you she was not cheated.

"We went to my room, the three of us. The prostitute lay on her side, and Tani cut her with a small, sharp knife, just behind her shoulder. The young girl was highly excited. She put her lips to the cut and drank. I could hear the sucking noises as she drew the blood into her mouth. Even as she swallowed, her body reacted. She was becoming highly excited. She motioned to me then, frantically. I have never known a woman to be more passionate!

"Afterwards, she turned away. Her face and lips were smeared with blood, and she went to sleep immediately. I washed the wound on the prostitute's back, bandaged it and paid her. The prostitute left immediately, telling me again that she would always be available if I had any other requests to make."

ARMED WITH ALL this information, I crossed over to the East Zone and went to the Communist police. I presented the evidence I had to them.

"There is nothing political in this case," I explained patiently. "This girl *must* be apprehended—before she kills again!"

"Why are you—a writer—here?" the Red detectives demanded. "Why are you interfering in an official matter when you have no official position or connection . . ."

"Because I hope that I can convince you of the need for haste!" I argued earnestly. "I feel sorry for the girl—and for the child she killed and those she may kill. Tani Hebbler is a homicidal maniac. She really *believes* that she is a vampire—and having killed once, she will kill again!"

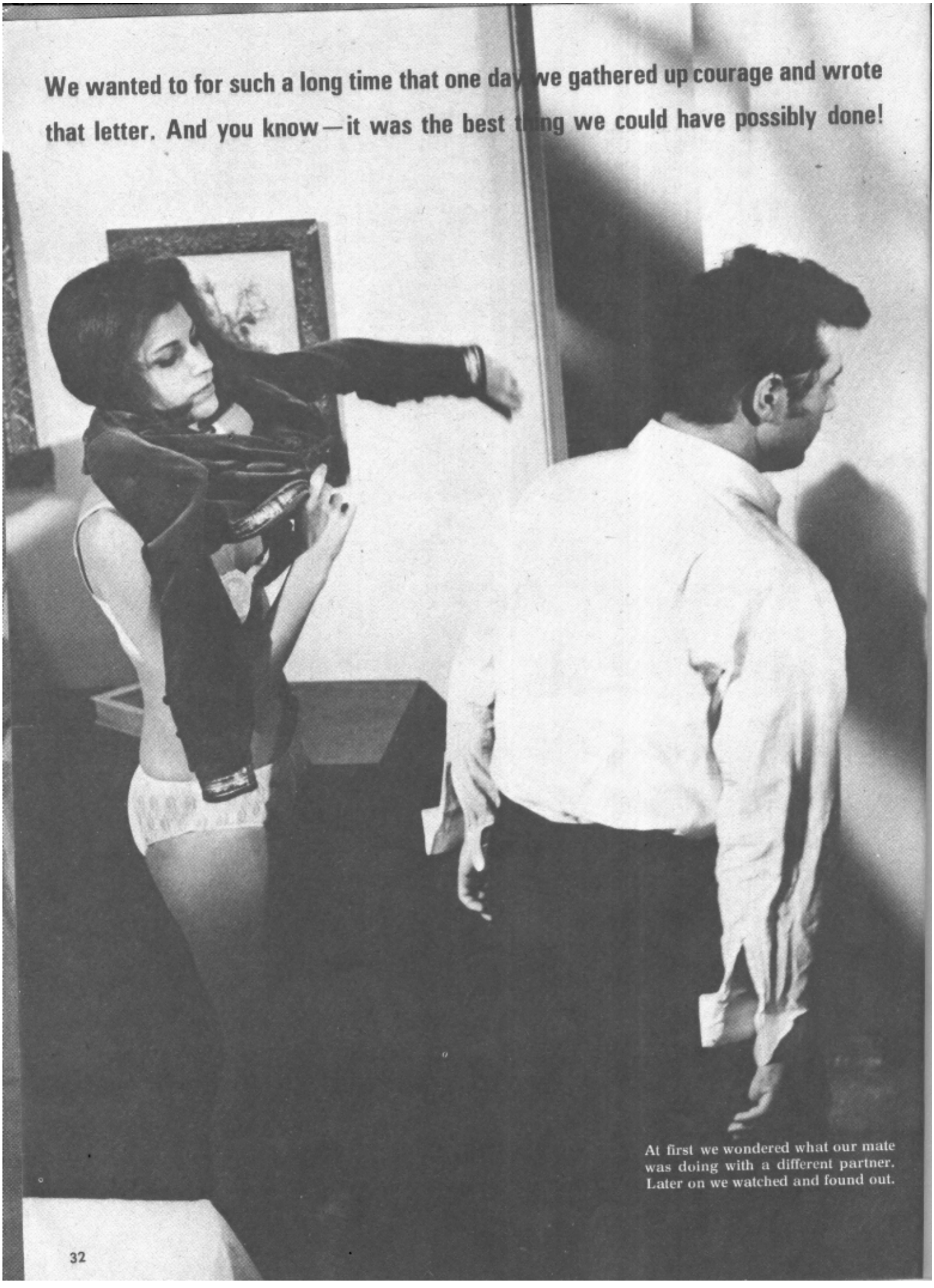
The Communist officers stared at me impassively.

"Gott in Himmel!" I exploded. "Forget political differences for once. Look for this girl—start the search immediately!"

I was ushered out without having ac-

(Continued on page 52)

We wanted to for such a long time that one day we gathered up courage and wrote that letter. And you know—it was the best thing we could have possibly done!



At first we wondered what our mate was doing with a different partner. Later on we watched and found out.

"WE ANSWERED A WIFE-SWAP AD!"

by ROY AND DOROTHY R-

IT'S BEEN LESS than two years now, since we first entered the world of swapping. It was a tough decision to make and it was even more difficult to carry out. But once we did finally get used to it, we never looked back. And before going any further, we have to say that the results were worth every effort we put into it; worth every hour of wondering how we'd ever make contact; worth every bit of dispair when it seemed as if swapping was merely something one reads about, something that happens to other people, but never in real life.

The crazy thing is that having once gotten started we now meet so many swappers, find new contacts so plentiful that we actually wonder where they all came from. The answer: they were there all the time. But they had never heard of us and we had never heard of them. Basic point —swappers as a general rule are not the least bit anxious to meet strangers.

The ad appeared in one of the special weekly newspapers. It suggested that we write for a sample of what they called a "club newspaper" devoted to folks of "exotic tastes!" We sent for the free sample. It came by return mail. It was interesting. It listed several couples interested in swapping. There were pictures. Nothing that you wouldn't expect to see in any mailable publication. But these were real folks, not models. The little folder suggested that if we sent in a fee, we could receive a booklet with hundreds of listings, plus names and addresses. We sent in the fee.

Two weeks later we received a publication similar to the first, but along with it, was a small booklet, that actually did list names—well not actual names but rather listings such as couple—gentleman—lady. Listings were broken down by state and in some cases by city. Descriptions were graphic. They left no doubt at all that the folks involved were interested in sex and wanted to meet or correspond with others of like mind.

Listings were coded. *(Continued on page 46)*

THE SCREAMING HORROR

by CAL BUTLER

"IN there!" The little Saipan guerrilla girl clutched her rifle. "Do we go in after 'em, Lieutenant?"

The query needed no reply. Japs either committed suicide en masse or "came out" shooting. I preferred to think that it wasn't going to be a piece of cake. I was facing, by count, ten Japs that I knew of and I didn't know how many inside. Swiveling a grimace at the girl and Sergeant Ben Hoag, I pulled back to the rocks and offered a practical solution:

"Cover me, both of you! Just as soon as I reach the entrance, blast away for all you're worth—"

"But you'll be killed!" the guerrilla protested. "They've been in there since the invasion and they swear to die fighting!"

"Okay, lady," Hoag smiled coldly. "If you can think of another way, maybe the looey will see merit in it—"

"Knock it off!" I snapped. "There is no alternative but to rush that damn cave—"

The girl said: "They've been holed up for weeks resisting all attempts to kill them."

"Maybe the right guys haven't tried," Hoag said evenly.

"I doubt that. Look how the cave backs onto a sheer cliff—no amount of dynamite could blast 'em out!"

"The dead—" the girl said, shuddering, "the place is littered with dead."

We advanced slowly up to the entrance. Just one false step and our bones would be added to the grisly remains already covering the ground.

LOPANG was right. The place bore all the evidence of a long and desperate struggle. GI helmets, riddled, the skulled bones glistening in the sun, bore mute testimony to American attempts. Ever since the invasion, companies of Marines had been trying to blast the Japs from their last strongholds on the islands. The women, kids and old men had committed suicide for Dai Nippon rather than surrender; the fighting forces died in agonized groups under Marine pressure; the Japanese brass had long since committed hara-kari rather than admit defeat. Yet three months after the fighting, there were still isolated pockets of resistance and it was my misfortune to draw one. I whispered:

"Here we go—shoot like hell!"

They began chopping away at the gloomy cave entrance for all they were worth. Bullets whined overhead as I ducked down, sweating fiercely, and began to run. The cave was silent. It was still silent as I raced in, gun in hand, shouting:

"Fire! Fire! Keep up the fire—!"

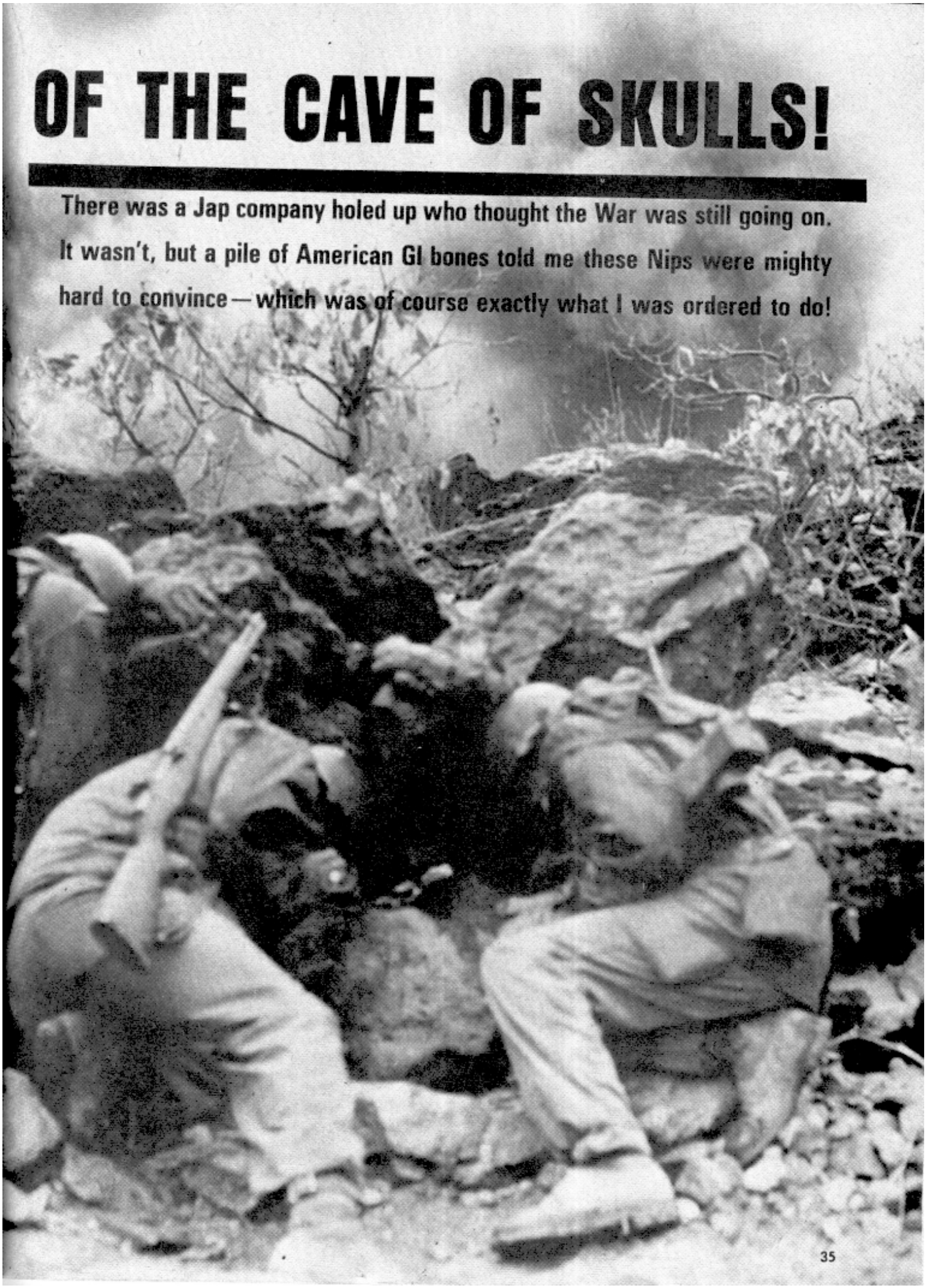
A Jap laughed at me.

IT was August 25, 1944 and technically Saipan was secured. It had been secured since mid-June when Admiral Spruance, after conferring with Admiral Turner and General Holland Smith, decided to keep all fire support ships on hand and to maintain Admiral Conolly's Guam force at sea as floating reserve until further notice. But months of bloody fighting lay ahead. The infantrymen of one Army and two Marine divisions bore the brunt. In our estimation, the 75-mm pack howitzers to the 150-mm cannon fell far short of the mark. One had to crawl in after the Japs or else. That was the story so far as I was concerned.

The girl guerrillas of Saipan—natives of the Mariannas—helped some but not much. Serving the brass in any capacity, they had been waging somewhat effective war on the Japs since before D-Day. Lopang Ti was one of them. A native of Charan Kanoa, she was reared by a missionary in the best tradition of the island and talked perfect English. When invasion was complete, she and her long-haired, well-shaped girl friends had been watching the cliffs for Japs. What few they could kill, they killed. What few they missed, they reported to General Smith's headquarters. Forty-eight hours before, I didn't even know her. I was in the field and dog tired from shooting at phantoms when Colonel Willingham called me in. *(Continued on page 40)*

OF THE CAVE OF SKULLS!

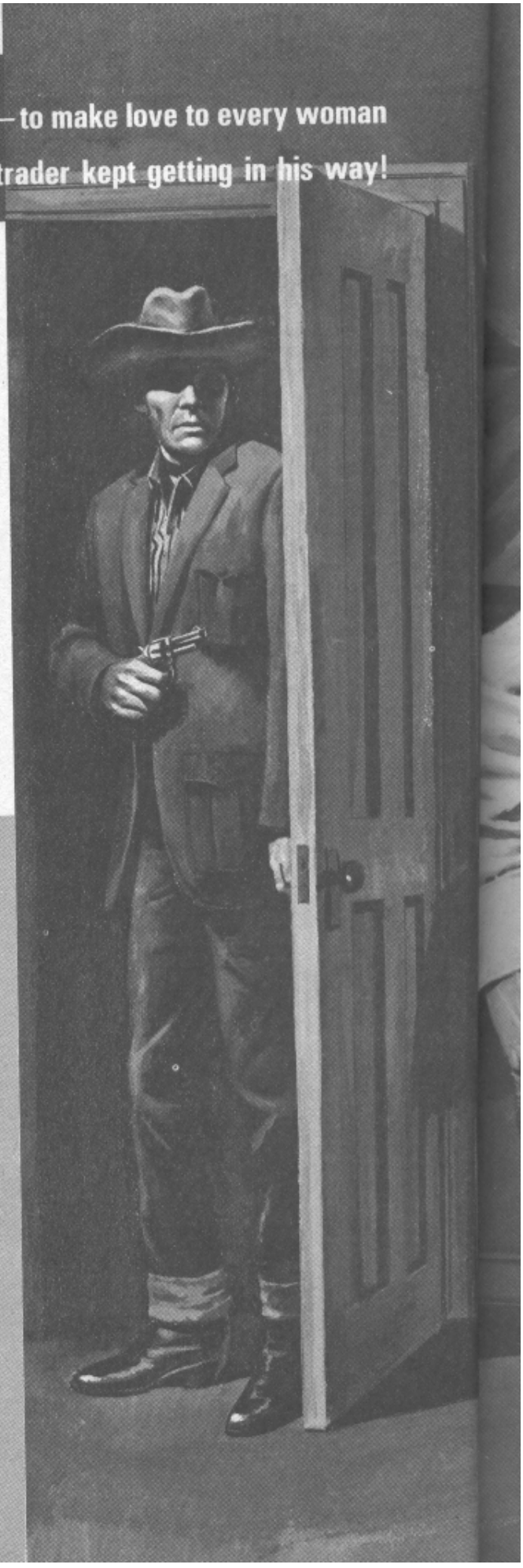
There was a Jap company holed up who thought the War was still going on. It wasn't, but a pile of American GI bones told me these Nips were mighty hard to convince—which was of course exactly what I was ordered to do!



Actually his life's ambition was very modest—to make love to every woman in Texas. But one fat little Yankee whiskey trader kept getting in his way!

THE LAST JOKE OF MATT O'BRIAN

by ANDREW L. GRANT



Once in the saddle, I used to go dashing
Once in the saddle, I used to go gay
First down to Rosie's
And then to the card-house
But I'm shot in the breast
And I'm dying today . . .

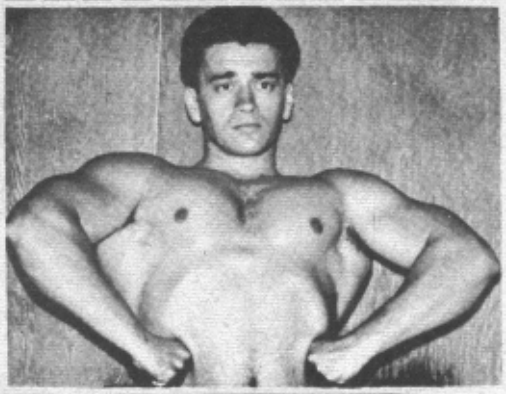
THE PLAINTIVE old Western ballad, "Streets of Laredo," tells the sad story of a young cowpoke who knows he's done wrong. Matt O'Brian would have gotten a good laugh out of that. He never figured he'd done anything wrong in his whole wild stampede up and down the Rio Grande valley. Matt never apologized for anything. He figured it was only natural for a man to want to whip every man and make love to every woman in the Lone Star state.

By the time the big Irishman went down in the streets of Laredo, with four soft nosed slugs in his burly chest, he'd damned near succeeded!

Matt and his four brothers fought the Yanks at Shiloh and the second battle of Bull Run. If his brothers were anything like Matt, it's a lucky thing for the state of Texas that they were killed by the Yanks. Matt was only 14 when the war between the states ended. He'd been enlisted into the enthusiastic, well trained *(Continued on page 54)*

Matt turned from the girl to face the gunman. He'd make quick work of the kid and get back to some real fun.

NOW YOU CAN HAVE POWERFUL MUSCLES FAST & EASY!



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Q. *How can readers learn more?*

A. I'd be glad to send full information in a free 32-page booklet to anyone interested. The book shows how and why the Method works, and what it has done for others. Use the coupon or write Don Bolander, Career Institute, Dept. 205-83 Mundelein, Ill. 60060.

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Mundelein, Ill. 60060

Please send me without obligation a free copy of the 32-page booklet, "How to Gain a Command of Good English." (No salesman will call)

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SEX URGE

(Continued from page 23)

the last a brunette. They were women in their thirties, unmarried and unmarred by their peculiar *joie de vivre*—that of ganging up on a lone outdoorsman for their kicks. Driving to a deserted strip of beach, Babs—the gal who enrolled the class—asked our hero not to waste any time. While Boyd was setting up the equipment, the teachers marched behind a dune to change to bikinis. It was a hot morning—hot in a lot of ways. Frank Boyd found it out only a few minutes later when he turned at the sound of feet kicking up sand.

"Y-you're gonna fish in *those* rigs?" Boyd stammered. "Why the first time you lay out a cast those bikinis will tear right off!"

"Set us up, dearie," Babs pinched his cheek. "Me, first—how's it go? Where do I hold this thing?"

Boyd gripped a surf spinning stick in the conventional hand-on-reel, hand-on-butt manner. He held the rod at arm's length and made several practice casts. When he let one fly, the students, so called, ooh'd and ah'd. Boyd again gripped the rod, only this time he stood pressed against Babs' back, swinging the rod as his hands covered hers, pulling her closer.

"How'm I doing, Frank?" Babs tilted her face up at the muscular giant standing behind her. "Do I let it go now?"

"Not yet."

FRANK withdrew and studied her stance. She was perpendicular to the beach, but her legs were too close together—awkward for casting. *They paid for a lesson, and by crimminy they'll get one!* He stooped and pried apart Babs' well formed legs, then covered her hands with his as he stood again.

"Your weight is on this hand, your left. The left serves as a fulcrum. When you snap it down, the right brings the rod over and you let go aiming slightly above the horizon. Okay, now try it—"

She did and almost decapitated the three onlookers. Frank Boyd diligently stuck to the teaching for an hour. Then Babs wanted a cool dip and so did her friends. In the confusion of swimming and splashing, the concept of surf fishing was utterly lost. Instead, a different form of recreation took place in the dunes behind the station wagon. With cold drinks spiked with hard liquor, plenty of sandwiches and nobody in sight, Boyd's first customers took out their money's worth by showering him with love.

"It was fun while it lasted. The trouble was they brought a couple of other girls along the next week. Too much for one guy. Besides, my girl was getting suspicious. What ended the whole thing? Me, I guess. I pooped out."

As a working reporter trying to figure out what makes such screwballs tick, the best answer that Boyd could supply was simply:

"It's their way of getting a charge. There was no fear of a squawk—no kickback to the school system. Since the outdoors brought their greatest return for a

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small investment, they didn't see anything wrong in this arrangement. They've got a new instructor now, I hear . . ."

OUTDOORS apparently stimulates the hell-raisers like nothing else. There was a time when women's groups stuck strictly to their own knitting, but today the flourishing of mixed groups around the nation points up the fact that getting away from it all has universal appeal. Around Laguna, not long ago, there was an epidemic of middle-aged sportsmen and their much younger mistresses who passed themselves off as "bird watchers." Cops broke up the flesh festival when they rang in a cute little policewoman who testified that "Wilson snipe don't do no flying at night, after all!" thus making a red-faced liar out of the character who passed himself off as an ornothologist in order to seduce her in the tall grass.

The way of the great outdoors?

Unless you pick your company carefully, Mac, it can wreck your life. Sounds silly as hell to say beware of girl mountain climbers, and private lodges. Sure—unless you're a guy like Larry Thompson. Larry got hornswaggled into joining a coed group of climbers. Two experts—dames—snared him up on top of one of Washington's scariest peaks. He either came through for them or they let him take his chances on a 2,000 foot drop.

"What'd they want you to do, Larry?" I asked the still-numb athlete, after Washington police tipped me to the weird affair. Larry was silent. His face was crimson. His eyes blazed wildly.

"I couldn't begin to tell you! All I can say," he stammered, "is it ain't something that normal women usually want of a man!"

"What did you do?"

He took a deep breath.

"I'm alive, ain't I? They took me down, those two pigs! Well, I had to do what they wanted or I wouldn't be here—"

The doctor who examined Thompson and treated him for shock gave the details. They're unprintable. Games like these are still extant if you happen to stumble into the wrong club.

The wild outdoors and the hot country lodges brings out the beast in a lot of dames. Don't say you weren't warned. ●

CAVE OF SKULLS

(Continued from page 35)

"There's somebody here, Lieutenant, I'd like you to meet—"

"Like who, sir?"

"Like the head of the geurrillas," he smiled.

"Oh?"

"That's right. You have an assignment coming up."

"I might've guessed it. Sir, I've been in the field wi—"

"With your men for almost a month!" he broke in. "Well, this is one guerrilla you'll never forget—"

"What's he got—two heads?"

"No. But something else fascinating to a soldier," Willingham grinned. He turned toward the quonset door. "You can come in now, Lopang."

A STUNNING girl wearing Army shorts and a native blouse cut to the navel waltzed in. My mouth dropped

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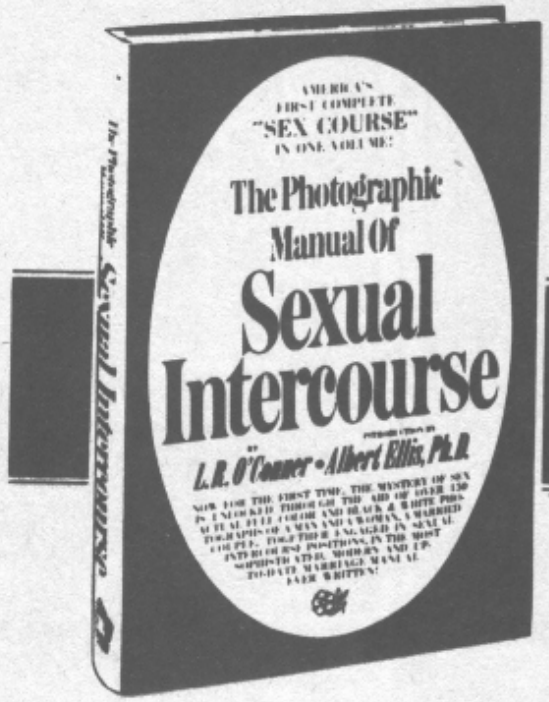
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open. She was wearing a bandoleer of grenades and carrying a gun. Willingham grinned from ear to ear.

"Now, then, how about that assignment?"

"Wha—at assignment, Colonel?" I stammered.

"The one about you joining miss Ti in a Jap hunt. Seems she's got a cave spotted where they're holed up—" He paused. "Trouble is, there ain't but one way in. You can't use dynamite and you can't climb in."

"The cave, Lieutenant, is inaccessible," she said, offering her hand. Her skin was a light copper. Her teeth were strong and even. She had a slight cast to her eyes, and when she smiled her face lit up radiantly. It was six months since I'd seen a woman, but Lopang Ti of Charan Kanoa, Saipan, was *really* beautiful. She frowned: "We've tried a dozen times to get in but haven't been able!"

"Who's *we?*"

"Marines, GIs and guerrillas."

"How many Japs are there in your cave?"

"I've counted as many as ten sunning," she replied. "But they've got guns, ammo, and plenty of food. They *could* hold out for months if unmolested."

"Sounds formidable!"

"It is. The dead bodies are piled up like a barricade."

"How many dead?"

"I've never gotten close enough to tell!" she frowned. "But there are plenty of bones! *I know*, I've seen GI skulls gleaming in the sun."

"Sounds like a cheerful place!"

Willingham said, "Then you'll take the assignment? It's purely volunteer, Butler."

"Do I have any choice?"

"Not much," he shrugged. "I already said you would. . . ."

HE said to take as many men as I needed. I thought that over. The more men, the greater the chances of detection. I finally settled on Sergeant Ben Hoag. Without ado, the girl led on. We filled the guns, water cans, and jeeped through the jungle. At 4 o'clock, the girl pointed to a series of sheer ledges.

"We stop here."

Hiking through seemingly impenetrable terrain, we finally came to the rocks. The girl whispered:

"In there!"

Suddenly, I noticed that my hands were wet. There was sweat all over the gun stock and my hands were shaking. My shirt was like a rag. Hoag and the girl pretended not to notice. The job was mine; I'd chosen to go it practically single-handed. I knew there was no turning back but I wanted to. I took one look at those gleaming skulls and said the fateful words:

"Here we go—shoot like hell!"

They began chopping away at the gloomy access. Bullets whined overhead as I ducked down and began to run. The cave was silent. It was still silent as I raced in, gun up, shouting:

"Fire! Fire! Keep up the fire—"

A Jap laughed at me.

IT was the voice of a nut, a holdout! It came from within the no man's cave, stygian black and deadly. I couldn't pinpoint it. I fired the carbine for all

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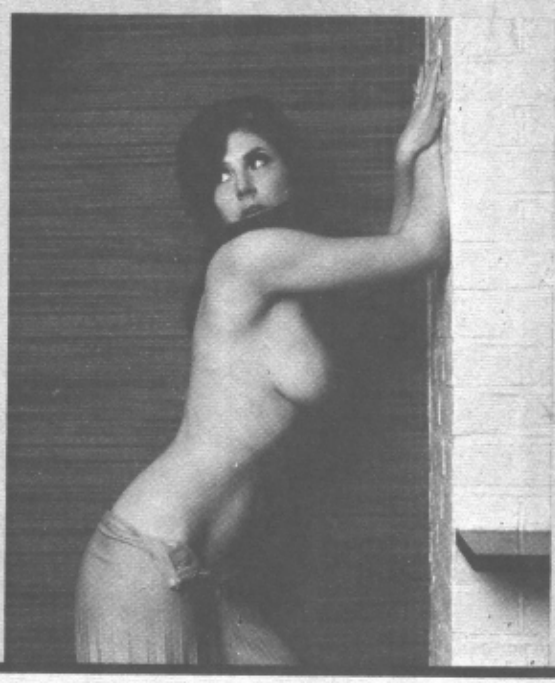

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I was worth. The phantom shadows continued to mock me as I fell forward, spraying the place.

"Keep it up, Americans!" the voice laughed. "You'll die like the rest of them—"

The voice spoke in perfect English! Suddenly, my two companions weren't firing overhead—they were inside the cave with me. Over their firing I shouted, "In there! The voice is coming from in there!"

The silhouette of a man flickered across the wet walls, crouched for the kill. My companions saw it at the same instant. In the garish light of their gunfire, one Jap was coming closer. All the instincts of the fighting soldier came to me then. I swiveled about and looked *behind* the girl. They were there all the time, hiding just inside the cave! No amount of shooting could possibly do any good! I screamed:

"Look out behind you!"

Hoag and the girl lurched about, spraying instinctively. Japs fell about like grotesque dolls, screaming, cursing, throwing themselves at the gun wielders. Something hit me on the base of the skull and when I put my hand there it was wet. Enemy gunners suddenly opened fire and over the barrage Lopang Ti was abruptly screaming: "Kill the American pigs! Kill them, you've got them now!" I saw Hoag look at me with amazement as he grabbed for the girl, but her rifle barked a trifle before his. The sergeant had a neat little bullet hole in the head. I grabbed a Nip neck and squeezed for all I was worth. Lifting him with my hands clutching his neck, I backed away, using him as a shield.

I clubbed and butted against five Japs, not including the human tigress who had led us into the trap. Bullets whined and ricocheted against the walls of the cave, but miraculously only one hit me. I made a desperate life-or-death lunge, fully expecting it to end there. My right fist doubled a screaming Jap and my fingers tore at his neck.

EDGING into the shadows at the back of the cave, I banked everything on my being able to see their silhouettes in the entrance, and their being unable to see me in the dark. Inching my way along the slimy back wall, I worked my way over to the opposite corner. The Nip's body was still protecting me. It was limp. My hands clasped around his neck and I squeezed until they almost met. My shield was dead.

Suddenly one of the Japs ran across the entrance and I blasted out, dropping him instantly. I riddled the sides of the cave where I guessed they were hiding. A harsh scream and scratching noise told me I'd hit someone.

"Get him!" screamed the girl in Japanese.

Sweat poured down me in rivers. My shoulder was grazed and blood seeped out of it. Every taut nerve tensed as I held myself still in the back of the cave. Desperately I wanted to plunge forward and attack. That would have been suicidal. I wanted to force them to expose themselves.

They all hit me at once. Just as I was lunging for my rifle, all the Japs and the girl dove at me. God only knows

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how I did it, but I dragged that gun around and fired at point blank range. Japs collapsed like rag dolls. It was all over. All of them, including the girl.

I FOUND the answer to her mysterious conduct at the cave entrance and on her personal effects. At the cave entrance, I found a record of an American voice—probably a collaborator—yelling gleefully to keep it up, Americans, that I'd die like the rest of them. "Them" were the more than fifty Americans who'd been tricked by Lopang Ti and the Voice. Inside the cave—like me—they were blind as a bat. They literally stood still for the trick acoustics while the Japs evidently slaughtered them. I figured they were hiding just inside the cave entrance when the Americans came. Like me.

When I gathered together enough grisly evidence to make my point, I dragged myself away from the cave and back to the jeep. A .25 calibre bullet had pierced my thigh and I was bleeding profusely until I got a tourniquet on it. My uniform was a mess from the fight and I was a mass of aches and bruises for months to come. But I made it back and reported to Colonel Willingham before collapsing from loss of blood.

I even gave him the record.

Incredulously, he listened to my story before taking it down. Allied headquarters hadn't even suspected the presence of a counterspy for the enemy, but sure as hell they had one and it was my misfortune to go into a cave with her.

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(Continued from page 33)

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be happy to drive over to their home, though of course they'd be welcome to visit us.

Sure we sounded anxious. We were anxious. And do you know, they were just as eager as we were. The very next night a little after 9PM, our phone rang. It was Arnold and Lucille. Our suggestions had sounded great to them. They'd be only too happy to have us visit them. They told us after a while that they'd been in exactly the same fix as we had. They'd had several replies to their ad, but ours was the first from anyone within a practical distance. They like we, had never swapped before. It was going to be a night to remember. We told them we'd drive down in the afternoon. They said to come as early as we liked. They'd be happy to have us for dinner.

The Saturday morning was one of the most exciting days of our lives. We were up early. We just couldn't seem to sleep. We rushed through breakfast and hurried to clean up the house so we could leave as soon as possible. We kept chattering to each other like kids, trying to figure out what our new playmates were going to be like. Then too, some of our expectations ran directly to sex. We kept commenting to each other in the most basic kind of language, exactly what kind of folks we wanted and what we wished we could do with them.

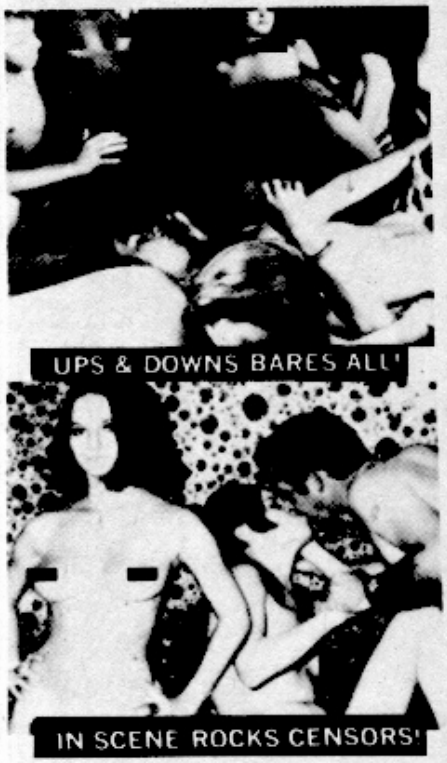
We took off a little after noon. Roy had to keep talking to himself to calm down and drive carefully. We had no intention of having an accident at this point in the game. We drove at a reasonable speed. But at that, how long does it take to go a mere 110 miles. By 2:20 we were pulling up at Arnold and Lucille's door.

I think that was the scariest moment of all, at least as far as Dorothy was concerned. Suddenly she turned and said. "Do you think we ought to? Do you really think it's safe?"

Roy said, "Look. If you want to back out, say so. We can get right back in the car and no one will ever know the difference. I'll do what ever you want, kid."

But neither of us really wanted to back out. We went up to the front door and rang the bell. From inside we could hear footsteps. The door opened. We were committed.

BOTH OF US were trembling slightly as we shook hands and walked into the house. The excitement seemed almost overwhelming. After all the hopeless months, it was actually happening to us. Arnold noticed. I guess he couldn't help it. He grinned at us a little then asked if we wouldn't like a drink, perhaps so that we could ease up. We accepted with relief.



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We talked for about fifteen or twenty minutes about nothing in particular. We didn't seem to know how to begin. Finally, it was Lucille who broke the ice.

"You two are new at this kind of thing," she said. We nodded. "Well," she continued, "I can't say we're much more experienced. But at least we're the hosts, so I guess it's up to us. What do you say we begin right now. Now be absolutely honest. Don't try to force yourselves. We'll all loosen up quickly enough. So be frank. Would you rather start out in private, or do you think you'd rather we got together right here so we can all watch what goes on?"

Dorothy gasped at that.

Lucille looked at her sharply and smiled. "It's all right, honey," she continued. "I guess it is kind of difficult to be a public spectacle at first. So it's privacy. That all right."

Dorothy nodded.

Lucille walked over to Roy and stroked his face. "Then you come with me to the guestroom. Dottie and Arn can either stay here or use our bedroom. But we don't care. We can keep ourselves interested, can't we?" She took Roy's hand, and as he stood up, she began leading him away.

Roy tells his side of the story.

"As I went with Lucille, I couldn't help wondering about Dottie. But I knew that this was what we'd both wanted. So I made up my mind to forget about everything but what was going to happen with Lucille and me. There was no doubt that Lucille would be a fine partner. She was bigger than Dottie and heavier, but her proportions were fine. I was trying to imagine how she'd look in the nude and the thought excited me. Lucille noticed and laughed. She was sharp. Nothing escaped her. "Come on," I said. "hurry up. I want to get where I can see you."

"We got inside the room and shut the door. Lucille was already at the zipper of her dress. It fell to the ground and she was in her bra and panties. I just leaned against the door and watched her. She never hesitated. In an instant she had her bra unhooked and was stooping to pull down her last bit of covering. When she turned around, she was magnificent.

"And when we sank down together a minute later, I was only conscious that this was one of the most exciting and fulfilling occassions I'd known for years. It was almost like the first few months of my marriage. If this was swapping, then it was worth everything I'd imagined. Lucille was like a hungry tigress. I felt like Hercules.

I wish it were possible to describe it all in print. But I will say that the

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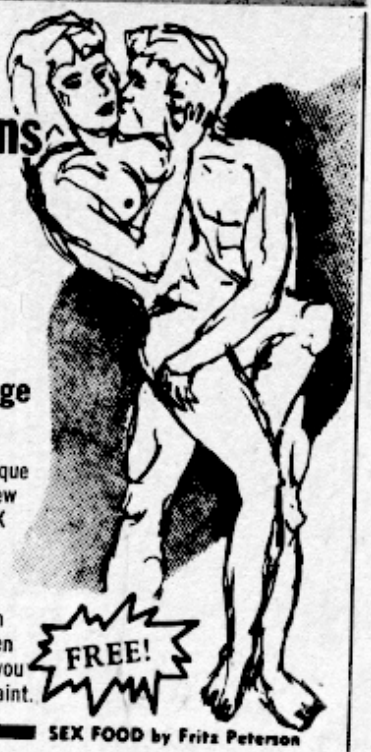

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next quarter of an hour was something I'll never forget. And then, while we lay back, relaxed and satisfied, waiting to give our mates sufficient time to finish their match, I told Lucille how nervous I'd been all that day, but how from now on, I was a swapper for live.

DOTTIE GIVES her version.

"I could see Roy look back at me as he walked off. I hoped he wasn't nervous about leaving me because there was no reason to be. This was what I'd wanted to do for so very long. I felt completely calm. As Roy disappeared from sight, I forgot all about him. Right now nothing mattered. This was going to be sex, pure, simple, animal and basic. I looked over at Arnold. "Come on," I said to him. "What are you waiting for?"

"I guess he was surprised, but he wasn't backwards. He strode over quickly. I could feel his hands moving over my body. And passion was flowing through my bloodstream. It was so powerful an urge that it almost blacked me out. I can hardly remember taking off my clothing. I know I could feel his arms around me. I could sense myself tipping backwards. My legs just couldn't seem to hold me up, but whether we fell back on the couch or on the floor, I honestly can't recall.

"It all seemed violently urgent. It wasn't Arnold's lovemaking. It was just man and woman, and right then any man in the universe would have done as well as far as I was concerned. It was just that it was a different man, a new man. It was the one mental thought I had—the only thought I had. Everything else was pure physical sensation.

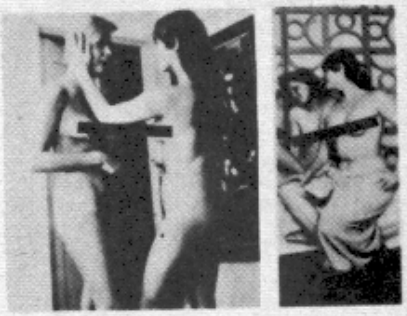
"Then it was all over and I was standing up, walking over to the table for a cigarette. Arnold was looking at me. He looked absolutely contented. I was glad. It's not only nice to be happy yourself, but it's equally good to know that you can satisfy your partner."

Later, when we'd all gotten back together in the living room we were able to think rationally again. We were over our biggest hurdle as we knew it. We'd never look back.

there was more sex that afternoon. And later, after a lighthearted dinner, still more bouts. We hadn't had that much energy for sex since our honeymoon. By the end of the weekend we knew that if our sex lives had seemed to have slowed down, it wasn't our physical selves that had caused it, rather it was the lack of variety and excitement. Wife-swapping was the best sex drug that was ever invented.

By the end of that weekend, we'd progressed a lot. Privacy was forgotten. We had no need for it. And certainly we had no reason to continue it. In swapping, the idea of

Gay Sisters



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privacy is a farce. Sure, the first time, both partners are scared of what their mates might think. They have an aversion to letting each other see. It's fear of jealousy.

But afterwards, when both know absolutely what has happened and when both approve, all basis for fear vanishes.

Seeing each other in action is intensely exciting. No movie can equal it. It stirs a human being to passion as nothing else can.

Before leaving Arnold and Lucille, we made another date with them. This time they'd come to our house.

But when we got back home, we found a letter from the other couple we'd written to. They were old hands at swapping, according to their letter, although they were a good eight years younger than we were. They also suggested that if we had any other swapping friends, we all get together for a big party.

We called Arnold and Lucille and told them. They agreed that a third couple would add lots of variety and spice. And so, that's the way it was finally arranged.

That second weekend was wild. That's the only way it can be described. We did things we didn't know we were capable of. And if the other couple hadn't brought along a 10-second camera, we still wouldn't believe it. But there it is, in both black and white and color, to prove we actually did.

From that point on, our swapping has continued with an ever-widening circle of friends and acquaintances. We're not going to pretend that everything was always as wonderful as those first two occasions. Several times we dated creeps. And at least once we dated a couple who's ideas were definitely not in line with ours. We tried cooperating with them, but it was no good. There are certain types of games we definitely have no desire to repeat.

But better than ninety percent have been first-rate. The people are wonderful and the results have been everything we hoped for.

In our case we've had to do a good deal of traveling. We've heard and read that swappers are supposed to be everywhere. But for us, it hasn't worked out that way. Arnold and Lucille—our best friends today—were the closest couple we've met in two years. We've gone as far as four hundred miles in several instances. It's not that we wouldn't like to meet folks who are closer. We'd love to. But neither we, nor any of those others we've met can put us in touch with them. Whether there are any or not, we just don't know.

Swapping has been good for us. It's put back a lot that was disappearing from our marriage. We get together, a lot more often than we used to. It's almost as if we'd been rejuvenated—which seems silly at 32. But it's true, just the same. And it's made us appreciate each other a lot more, as well. Somehow, seeing that each of us is so desirable to others, has had the effect of making us more desirable to ourselves. That's a bonus that we hadn't counted on.

At the time of writing this piece, we've had 88 different swapping dates. In a fraction over two years —actually 109 weeks—that's a lot. But it hasn't interfered with our own pesonal sex lives at all.

As far as we're concerned, we're confirmed swappers. How long we'll continue, neither of us can say. For the present, we expect it will be many, many years before we even think of quitting.

We don't want to even try to convince anyone to start in swapping. We think that if either party needs convincing, a couple is in for trouble. Swapping won't work unless both husband and wife not only accept, but enthusiastically desire it. But if they do, there's no need to convince them.

Whether anyone else will be able to get started the way we do, we can't say. There isn't any sure road to swapping.

We were lucky. We admit it. Evidently we did the right thing—for us—at the right time. That's our good fortune. All we can hope is that our luck continues. If you're as lucky as we were, you've got no complaints.

So good luck to you all. Whatever you want, swapping or not, we hope you get it. ●

BLOOD KILLER

(Continued from page 31)

complished a thing. The rest of Tani Hebbler's revolting story has come to me from reporters working for East German newspapers. These men—at heart still newspapermen, despite politics—are far more willing to cooperate and trade information with those of us working in the Democratic West than are the grim bureaucrats in the Red government service.

I learned that the East Berlin authorities took no action on the official West Berlin request or on my appeal, letting the entire matter "ride" for nine days. Then, they were *forced* to go into action . . .

In Werneuchen, a suburban community of Berlin proper, but still in the Red "Greater Berlin" zone, the corpse of a five-year-old girl was found stuffed under a culvert. The child's throat had been slashed.

A grisly new aspect to Tani's perverted criminality showed itself. She had drunk the child's blood—doctors saying that she had literally drained the body of its life fluid. But, she was no longer satisfied with just the blood

of her victims.

Tani had gouged several large pieces of flesh from the corpse, ripping out chunks of the child's thighs and breast. She had eaten the human flesh, as evidenced by the chewed shreds and fragments found at the scene of the crime!

Tani was not only a vampire—*she was also a cannibal.*

Witnesses said that the victim had last been seen strolling with a girl whose description tallied exactly with that of Tani Hebbler.

My Red-zone newspaper acquaintances told me that they were forbidden to publish anything about the crime. Evidently, the foot-dragging East Berlin police wanted to cover up their own stalling tactics for fear of criticism from above.

The tight censorship clamp remained in effect, while Red investigators fanned out through the Communist Zone and nearby towns and villages. They picked up Tani's trail in a *gasthaus*, then lost it after tracing her and a man she'd met in the place to an assignation in a small, shabby hotel. The girl was no longer there—she had only stayed the night.

Two days passed and, according to my informants, another youngster was killed—in the same way as the others—in a village between Berlin and Zossen.

This time there was no doubt at all as to the identity of the killer. A man had witnessed the proceedings!

"As I was on my way home, I saw a child lying in the road. It appeared that there had been an accident—as the child looked unconscious. There was a young girl standing over the body," the witness, a stolid, middle-aged *burger* stated. "I went over immediately to help, but as I joined her, the girl suddenly attacked me. She had a stone in her hand. I had no chance to ward off the blow. I was stunned.

"When I came to, the girl was just finishing binding my hands and feet. There was a big gag in my mouth.

"As soon as she finished with me, she returned to the child. She drew a small pair of scissors from her apron pocket and stabbed the youngster in the neck. I saw the blood spurt upward.

"The girl gave a slight cry—of sheer joy, then placed her mouth about two inches over the wound. The blood was still spurting, in rhythm to the child's heart. She permitted the blood to shoot right into her open mouth.

"Then, as the flow grew weaker, she lowered her face until it was touching the child's throat. She stayed there, drinking for a long time.

"The child must have been dead by then. But the girl was not finished. Taking out her scissors once more, she made stabbing cuts on the child's legs, finally wrenching a piece of flesh away. She stuffed this into her mouth, chewing on it as if it were chocolate.

"Then she attacked me, forcing me to have relations with her . . ."

The Reds caught up with Tani Hebbler the following night. Plainclothes

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detectives—including some drafted temporarily from among the political police—had been sent to *gasthauses* and other drinking places where men gathered in the afternoons and evenings. Sooner or later, they knew, Tani would follow her usual habits and enter one of them seeking a companion.

And she did—in Zossen. The detective who sat at a corner table—pretending inebriation—had no difficulty recognizing Tani Hebbler when she walked into the second-rate *bierstube*.

"*Fraulein* Hebbler?" he called as he sprang up, pistol in hand.

THE REMAINDER OF the story may or may not be true. The Communists are too well known for their "shot-while-trying-to-escape" technique of ridding themselves of embarrassing prisoners, or of covering up their own mistakes, for any such version to be accepted at face value.

As the East Berlin journalists tell it, Tani allowed the detective to close in. Then, when he was sure she was docilely submitting to arrest, he holstered his pistol and reached into his pocket for his handcuffs.

"At that moment, the girls' fingernails raked across the detective's face," my informants declared. "She turned on her heel and ran out of the *bierstube*. The detective went after her, drawing his gun once more. He shouted a warning at the fleeing girl and then opened fire. Three bullets struck her in the back—and she died almost instantly..."

Although the Red newsmen were given all the details "off the record," they were not permitted to publish a word.

The journalists heard that some of the citizens of Zossen, seeing the dead girl on the sidewalk and having learned of the nature of her last crime by word of mouth from the neighboring village, took matters into their own hands. Still superstitious Brandenburgian peasants, despite years of Communist rule, they determined to destroy the vampire forever.

They obtained a long piece of wood from a nearby shop and broke it in half, leaving two jagged edges. A burly peasant stepped forward and made the Sign of the Cross. Then, taking one of the wooden stakes, he raised it spear-like above his head and drove it into the dead girl's bosom—directly above the heart.

Whether this is truth, or groundless dramatic embroidery, is a moot question. Tani Hebbler—the "Vampire Girl" and triple child murderess of Berlin—was dead . . . ●

THE LAST JOKE

(Continued from page 37)

Texas Brigade at the age of 12, after the baby-faced six footer from the big bend took the recruiting sergeant out back and whipped him fair and square.

Back from the war, with nothing to show for his two years service but a saber scar on his left cheek, Matt took over the management of the family ranch up in the dry corner of the big bend. Unlike many other bad-men of the old West, Matt O'Brian never robbed a bank or held up a stage coach. He didn't have to. With hundreds of half-wild unbranded long-horns running loose all over his range, and a devoted crew of Mexican vaqueros to round them up and drive them to the rail head for him, Matt didn't have to worry about money.

The big Irish cowboy paid all his bills on the date they fell due. He never cheated at cards, and was generally considered a soft touch by the sporting element along the Rio Grande. Matt O'Brian would have been a pillar of the community and an outstanding citizen, except for one small defect in his character: Matt O'Brian was skirt crazy. Once he'd set his eyes on a trim ankle or a nipped waist line, Matt O'Brian had all the instincts and self control of a stud horse in the mating season.

Whenever Aunt Rosie, who ran the parlor house on the Laredo deadline, got in a new girl from New Orleans or St. Louis, it was definitely understood she was to be held for Matt O'Brian's personal approval. Not that Matt was ever known to turn one down. Anything in a skirt was worth at least one trial run to the hot blooded O'Brian. As Matt always said, "All women is wonderful. And some is better than that!"

Once, only once, Aunt Rosie double-crossed him. She received a shipment of gals from Mississippi, four of them.

Figuring that Matt was, after all, only human, Aunt Rosie and her house-man, Uncle Jack Dollinger, saved two honey-skinned creole gals for Matt's next visit. The other two were put on the turf at once, to help pay the overhead. That was a hell of a mistake.

Matt O'Brian rode into town the following Saturday night with three of his vaqueros and a hungry gleam in his eye. Telling his boys to meet him at the card-house later on, the crazy Texan strode into Aunt Rosie's announcing his arrival by shooting up her precious crystal chandelier.

The girls came into the parlor and gathered around the free spending rancher. Not only was Matt a clean-cut hombre with the looks of a Greek god, but the big black Irishman was a free man with a buck. He usually tipped the girls as much or more as they earned in an entire night.

Matt balanced a gal on each knee and asked Aunt Rosie what was new. The red-headed madame sent out for the two girls she'd been saving, the other two being otherwise engaged at the moment. Matt

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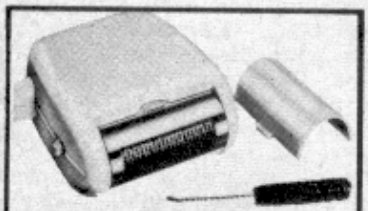

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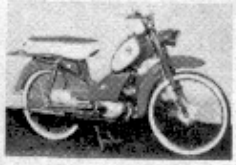

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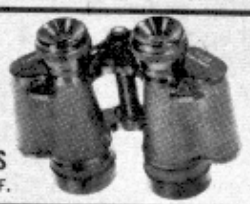

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was delighted at the shy creole gals. He started up the stairs with one arm around each gal's waist, when he remembered the two who'd been sitting on his knee. Turning on the stair, he shouted, "Come on, gals."

Six hours later, a somewhat subdued Irishman limped down the stairs and sank his six foot frame into Aunt Rosie's overstuffed velvet settee. "Rosie," he gasped, "that was danged near worth the ride to town!"

He paid off Aunt Rosie, leaving an eyebugging tip for the gals, and was just fixing to leave, when one of the gals he hadn't seen strolled into view. She was a high breasted young thing with a pouty mouth and a saucy wiggle in her walk. She was clad, according to the fashion of the day, in a pair of high button shoes and an open kimono. Matt sucked in his breath. A wild light came into his eye. He pointed to the new girl and asked, "Who's that?"

Aunt Rosie was caught with her hold-out showing. She said, "Just a no-count yaller gal, honey. Come in this mornin' from down in the delta."

A look of baffled rage came into Matt O'Brian's smokey blue eyes. Balling up his fist, the big rancher thundered, "You done held out on me! Thar was THREE new fillies in your stable, and you let me waste my time on two I met already!" Just then, attracted by the commotion, the fourth new girl came into the room. That did it.

First, Matt emptied his six gun into the mirror and sent glass flying all over the room. Then he picked up the piano and heaved it through the window, where it shattered melodiously in the alkali dust and sent horses galloping along the deadline in both directions.

Aunt Rosie let out a piercing scream that brought Uncle Jack running in, carrying the bat he kept for emergencies. He smashed the basswood club over Matt O'Brian's head. Then Matt picked up Uncle Jack, who weighed in at around 180, and threw him out the window, headfirst, where he landed noisily among the debris of the piano. Finding himself still alive, and being a man of discretion, Uncle Jack went over to Donnally's Saloon for a drink and reinforcements.

Meanwhile, back at the parlor house, Aunt Rosie had picked up a brass cuspidor and was busily at work bending it out of shape over Matt O'Brian's thick skull. With blood running down his face, Matt turned and grabbed Aunt Rosie by the front of her dress. The thin gingham was no match for Matt. The whole front suddenly ripped in two and came off in his big hairy paw. Aunt Rosie backed away in sudden alarm as a strangely familiar look came over Matt O'Brian's handsome face. He grinned at her and took a step in her direction.

"For God's sake, Matt," she cried. "I'm fifty years old!"

The cowboy grabbed another handful of gingham and ripped again. As the other girls giggled in delight, Matt tore off every stitch of the madam's clothing. Finally, as Aunt Rosie cowered in the corner, wearing nothing but her high button shoes and a most becoming blush, Matt O'Brian wiped his mouth with his sleeve and commented, "You may be kinda old Aunt Rosie, but dammit you sure are well preserved!"

Dragging the madame into the next room, Matt forced her down on the thick carpet and bolted the door. A strange expression came into Aunt Rosie's eyes. The ensuing experience was one that neither of them soon forgot. For what Aunt Rosie lacked in looks, she more than made up by her thirty-five years experience in the world's oldest profession.

Leaving the red-headed Madame lying on the floor with a wistful smile and a look of wonder in her eyes, Matt finally went out into the parlor, just as Uncle Jack returned with a half-dozen roughnecks from Donnally's Saloon. What happened then became a whispered legend in the Rio Grande valley.

Matt whipped all six of them. He took them on all at once. Scorning the use of his six gun, he beat them without kicking, biting or gouging. He whipped them fair and square with nothing but his big iron knuckles. Then, when all six bar room toughs were lying on the floor, in various states of disrepair, and Uncle Jack had been tossed out the window for a second time, Matt O'Brian invited them all to come across the street with him and have a drink. All but one of them took him up on it. A young half-breed Cherokee named Smoking Water couldn't make it. He had a broken neck.

Nothing was ever done about the killing. The Cherokee didn't have any friends. Matt O'Brian did. The Irishman good naturedly paid for a first-class funeral and made up with Aunt Rosie after he'd bought her a new piano. In return, she never held out on him again, no matter how many girls arrived at the same time. Once she got in thirteen at once. That was the only time Matt O'Brian was ever forced to admit defeat. But Matt apologized most handsomely to the thirteenth girl. He staggered into her room and said, "Honey, I hate to have to tell you this, but I was bit by a rattlesnake last week and I'm feeling kind of poorly. If you want to come out to my ranch, though I'll be glad to make it worth your while."

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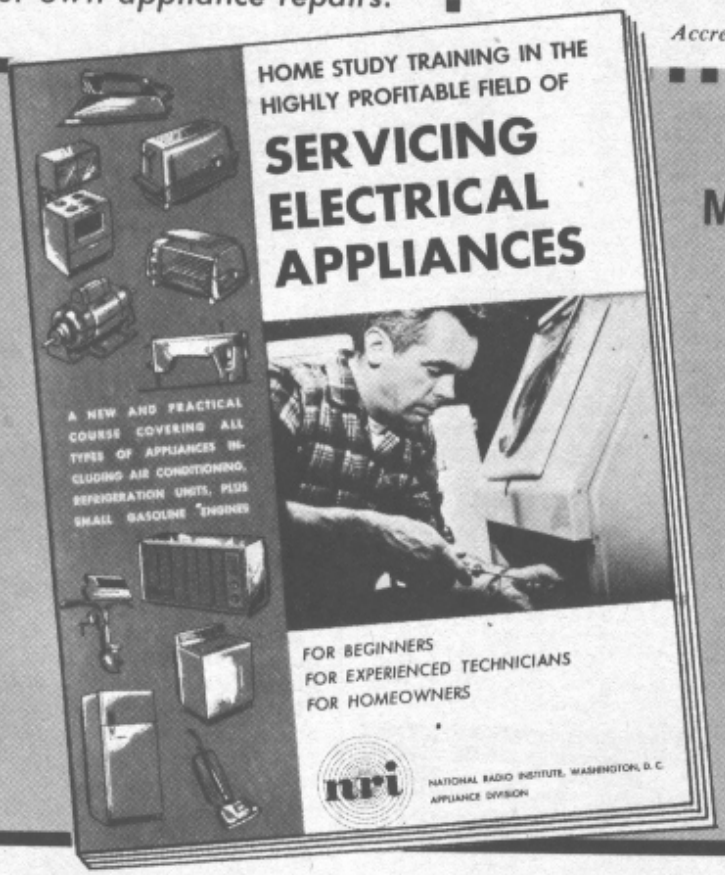
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It is recorded that the damsel, a young brunette named Yvette, who hailed from the cajun country east of New Orleans went. But she didn't have to wait until they reached his ranch. Ten miles out of town, as Yvette later complained, Matt allowed as how he was feeling a lot better and insisted on tarrying beside the trail.

THE BOYS AT the Jefferson Davis Hotel, down near the river and across from the California Nugget Card House, had a harmless, if somewhat ungallant practical joke in which they indulged from time to time.

There was a large bedroom, just over the hotel lobby which the management used to rent as a bridal suit. Some local wag had drilled a hole in the floor directly under the bed and hung a small cowbell from a string that was attached to the bed springs and hung down through the ceiling into the lobby below. Whenever a couple of newlyweds checked into the hotel, the local lobby lizards would sit around and pass the bottle as they listened to the jingle jangle of the bell and exchanged smirks.

It was a harmless enough sport. Nobody got hurt and if the bride and groom were met the next morning by knowing smiles, there wasn't much damage done. But then, one hot summer night in 1879, a whiskey drummer and his wife happened to check in.

Matt was sitting in the lobby, playing cards with a few of the boys, when the couple registered. The man was a short, heavy, florid-faced Yankee. The wife, if she was his wife, was young and well developed. Matt winked at one of the other cowpokes as he watched the comely matron disappear up the stairs. The lobby was hushed as the expectant listeners waited for the sound of the cowbell. After a long while, they heard a few feeble jangles. Then silence. The bell hung motionless. Matt said incredulously, "He ain't goin' to go to sleep?"

"Well," observed a cowpoke in the corner, "It is mighty hot."

Matt tried to keep his mind under control. After all, he tried to reason with himself, Aunt Rosie's was just down the street. But it was no use. All he could think about was the silence just over his head. It seemed he could almost see her, sleepless and lonely, while her fat husband snored away the best years of her life. Finally he could stand it no longer. Throwing down his cards, the big rancher shouted. "Dammit! That ain't no way to treat a lady!"

Before anyone could stop him, Matt O'Brian was taking the stairs two at a time. He stomped down the hall in his high-heeled boots and smashed open the door with his shoulder. The woman in the bed screamed and tried to cover herself with the sheet. Her husband shout-

ed, "What's going on here?"

Matt picked him up by the slack in his night shirt and hurled him out the open window without a word.

The husband picked himself out of the watering trough and staggered back into the lobby. But before the enraged man could reach the stairs, a couple of cowpokes grabbed him. Pointing to the cowbell hanging from the ceiling, the good natured loafers noted it might be a good idea if he waited until the bell stopped ringing.

Matt O'Brian didn't know it. But he'd met up with a tough hombre. The fat little whiskey drummer knew better than to fight with the six-foot Irishman. He was also wise enough not to try and shoot it out with him. But he still wasn't going to take his humiliation lying down.

Walking into the back room of Donnally's Saloon the next day, he found Matt playing poker with a couple of the boys. He marched up to the rancher, tapped him on the shoulder and challenged him to a duel. Smiling in disbelief, Matt gasped, "You aim to fight ME?"

"Not personally," said the drummer. "I ain't never fired a gun since I was a grown man. But if you're willing to give me satisfaction, I have a young fellow who's willing to fight in my place."

Matt shrugged. "Hired yourself a gun, eh? Makes no difference! Where do I meet this desperado?"

"He's sitting on the rail of the corral across the street."

"Right now?"

"That's right."

Throwing down his cards, Matt O'Brian called out over his shoulder, "Play my hand for me, Clay. I'll be right back. Soon as I run this Yankee and his ram-rod out of town."

News of the impending fight spread fast. The streets of Laredo were promptly cleared for gunplay, as Matt O'Brian walked out into the late afternoon sun. Across the street a slender figure in dark clothes eased down off the rail on which he'd been perched. For a minute, Matt thought the drummer had got his wife to fight for him

The man walking towards him, if you wanted to call him a man, was perhaps five feet three. He had a mincing gait and his feet, in their Mexican boots, were as small as a woman's. Matt took in the small Colt Lightning, a new fangled gun from the East, hanging in a left-hand holster. It seemed to be slung too high for a fast draw. Matt wondered if he'd have to kill this punk kid. Maybe a good pistol whipping would be enough to send him back to his mamma. Then he looked into the kid's downy face and sighed. One glance into those rattlesnake-cold eyes and Matt knew he was up against a killer. The kid was grinning, a lop sided, buck-toothed grin.

Matt O'Brian took a deep breath. Then he let it out fast and went for his gun. The kid shifted to one side, like a winding diamondback. Then, just as Matt's Colt leapt from its holster, the little killer reversed his movement and dropped to one knee in the chalky dust. The double action revolver appeared in his dainty left hand as if by magic. It hammered four slugs into Matt O'Brian's body before he could even aim. The big rancher fell back, spitting blood. He tried to raise his pistol. But it was suddenly very heavy. The little man in black stood there watching him. He didn't shoot again. He didn't have to. Matt staggered over to the board sidewalk and sat down heavily. He looked up in wonder at the youth who'd shot him. With a wry grin, the big Irish rancher gasped, "That was damned fast, son. I reckon you've about done me in."

The dapper figure dusted the alkali off his knee and slid his gun back into its holster. He started to turn back toward the hotel, back to get the money from the whiskey drummer who'd paid him to kill a man he'd never seen.

"Hold on there," wheezed Matt O'Brian. "Before I go, I want to know who was faster on the draw than Matt O'Brian?"

The man who'd shot him smiled pleasantly at the dying cowpoke.

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DEATH WAITED FOR ME

(Continued from page 17)

self hoarse, I passed along the news of Garver's fall, and was told that an Army rescue team, with sufficient equipment to lower me *down* the cliff, instead of pulling me up, was on the way. Another night on the ledge wasn't a pleasant prospect—but this time I went through it cheerfully, shouting back and forth to assistant forest ranger Dale Didhalm, who spent the night at the top of the cliff keeping me company.

I wasn't out of the woods yet. Next day, weaker but cheerful, I made another useless try at the rope. Shortly after, Donald Bewley, a 23-year-old guest-ranch cowboy, volunteered to go down to the ledge on a series of ropes, bringing food, water, and a sleeping bag. Working his way down, he brought both good and bad news. I could be lowered in the morning with military equipment, but I would have to spend still another night of waiting on the ledge.

Young Bewley explained, "No room for a rope chair or a sling. In your condition, you can't help enough. So the only way is to get enough rope to lower you more than four-hundred feet down to the canyon floor."

The other bad news was the finding of Bill Garver's body, exactly where I had expected. His watch had torn loose and stopped at 7:52, marking the exact time of his death. Both Garver's wife and my wife Carolyn were in Antonito keeping a sleepless vigil, I was told.

I put in another 22 hours on the ledge, stuffing myself with food and water, reading newspapers and magazines which Bewley brought me, repeating the tortuous trip down the cliff half a dozen times. Next dawn, a pack train of Army mules, complete with more than a thousand feet of nylon rope, arrived. I was slung by a team of Army mountain rescue experts under 1/Lt. Karl Holzel, and the four-hour descent began. A helicopter clattered overhead to supervise the rescue operations.

It was a long drop to the canyon floor, half sliding, half swinging against the rock face, but my spirits rose with every inch. On the way I passed the spot where Garver's watch had been found, and later the point where his broken body had come to rest. I couldn't bring myself to look at it. Bill Garver had been one of my closest friends.

At 12:45, my feet touched the ground. I got to my feet and started walking. Startled G.I.'s offered me a horse. "It's sheer pleasure," I told them. "Oh, God, I'm happy."

Walking away, I turned to look up at the ledge where I had lived through nights and days of horror. The sun was shining. *It was good to be alive!* ●

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BAIL BOND GAME

(Continued from page 19)

THERE WERE two factors that influenced the Judge in setting bail. One was presumption that the arrestee was presumed guilty until proven otherwise. The other was an old saying that has been kicking around courtrooms for years, "The greater the probability of conviction, the greater the inducement to become a fugitive."

Nobody can tell what goes on inside a Judge's mind. He's the absolute boss when it comes to deciding just how much a body is worth to the State. For that is what this bail bond business amounts to: hand over cash, and the State hands over a body—temporarily, that is.

Once in a blue moon it will happen that the defense attorney instead of swooning at the amount of bail, which is the usual case, will ask that it be increased. There's a child kidnapper sitting in jail at this moment who was all set to walk the streets on a $5,000-bail set by the Judge when the defense attorney stepped forward and asked his Honor to increase the bail. The arrestee was irresponsible, said his attorney, and shouldn't be allowed out prior to his trial. The Judge couldn't deny the defendant bail, but he did increase the amount to $10,000—which might just as well have been $100,000 since nobody would put it up.

If violence has been used during the course of an alleged crime, the Judge can forget about bail entirely, and send word to the arrestee that the best place for him, until his time of trial, is inside the four walls of a jail.

If his Honor looks over the vital statistics on an arrestee and decides that the man is counting the miles down to the Mexican border, he'll pile on bail so high that everyone will turn cool toward the accused, including the professional bondsmen. If he's dealing with a wealthy person, someone who wouldn't mind spending his declining years in South America as a fugitive from justice, the Judge will take that into consideration also, and place a bail so high that even a rich man will think twice before trying to skip the country.

I was in court when the nylon stocking bandit being detained in the University jail sent in a fast-talking lawyer to try to post money for bail so he could walk to temporary freedom. The grapevine had it that the bandit was now worth one hundred thousand dollars in unmarked bills after a series of swift withdrawals from local banks. The lawyer had a wad of greenbacks flashing in the air, and the Judge refused to look at it. Money feloniously obtained is worthless when offered as bail.

It's the crime and not age that sets the bail. One of my clients was a young boy who had slipped out of a second-floor window of a shop closed for the night—right into the arms of a policeman. It wasn't the first time—and the boy's body was tagged for three thousand dollars. His mother came around to my office early the next morning. "He's no good," she said, "but he's my son." And she spread her jewelry out on my desk.

She was right about her son being no good. Out on bail, he stole a car, headed for the north country, and piled up on the Bayshore drive just beyond the San Francisco.

Embezzlers get a special treatment. When the Judge read that the motel Romeo was accused of stealing forty-nine thousand dollars from the Building and Loan Company, he arrived at the amount of bail very quickly. Fifty thousand dollars.

WITH THAT information, the lawyer hurried back to the Valley jail, and told the accused to start thinking about raising money.

That's when I entered the picture.

"I'm ready for the make on Mister X out at the Valley Jail," the lawyer said to me over the phone. "The Judge will go for fifty thousand."

That's when I first met the arrestee. I asked him a whole lot of questions. I took time out to get in touch with everyone on a list of references he furnished me. I kept on asking questions. Finally he satisfied me that he was clean, that he had never had any truck with the law, and, most important of all, that he was eager to stand up before a jury and tell them his side of the story.

My fee on fifty thousand dollars is five thousand dollars. And bail over five hundred dollars costs a straight ten percent. Under five hundred dollars, the cost is ten percent plus ten dollars. I'm allowed to add, in addition, notary and recording fees, long distance telephone and telegraph charges and travel expenses—if any.

It wasn't all my own money I was risking. I 'laid off' a big percentage with one of the national surety bond insurance companies. It cut into my profit, but it spread the risk.

The accused's legitimate wife appeared on the scene dry-eyed and determined. She signed over a grant deed on their Beverly Hills home to guarantee my fee. In twenty-seven years I've forclosed only twice on deeds given on real estate.

With that done, Mister X was free. He went home with his wife.

He played the part of the perfect gentleman when he appeared at his preliminary hearing two weeks later and was bound over for trial on May 2nd.

I kept close track of him during the next three months. If, at any time I had become nervous about

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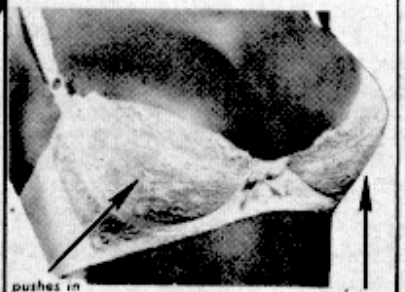

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Wanna bet burlesque is dead? For fun on the home front have her experiment with this fake fur sleep set. Long fringe tassles dangle from bra cups . . . G-string and top are elasticized to customcling. Looks-like broadtail: White or Black.
Sizes: Small, 32; Medium, 34; Large, 36 to 38.
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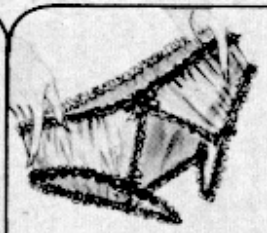

#3—4080 PANTY POSE
If it's new and daring—it's from Frederick's, of course! Like this French cut crotchless pantie. 100% nylon with lace trim, elasticized waistline and legs. All Black or Red, Blue or Green with Black trim. One size fits all.
3 FOR $8.50

#3—4473 MIGHTY NITE
This brief, brief pantie has no crotch at all! Nothing but lovely-lovely lace! High-cut legs leave little to the imagination. Elastic waist . . . lace and more lace trim, wouldn't you know it's a copy of a Continental import! Nylon White, Black or Red. Waist sizes 23 to 30 inches.
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2 FOR $5.59

#4—4017 SIMPLY SHEER
For her dreamy star-lit nights she'll charm you in our simply sheer nylon gown with scoop neckline. She can wrap it around close to her body and adjust the Empire waistline to her. Marvelous in Black or Lilac and White.
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his intentions of appearing in court, I could have turned him back to the jailer and forgotten the whole matter. Only I would have forfeited my premium. And I'm in business to provide bail, not to cancel it.

When I walked up to Court on May 2nd, I had nothing to fear. Not until I looked around. Then I was overwhelmed with a sick feeling.

There was an empty chair alongside the defense lawyer.

A few minutes later, the clerk of the court made it official: *"Defendant having failed to appear, the bail on file is declared forfeit, and a bench warrant issued without bail."*

I was still swaying, slightly dizzy, when the Judge peered over the bench and said, briskly, "You have ninety days to return the defendant. If he isn't in court on August 3rd, your fifty thousand bond will be forfeit."

IN THE twenty-two years I had been in the business up to that time, I had been caught only three times on forfeitures. A marijuana punk took me for five hundred dollars and disappeared. A two-time loser up for illegal possession of a weapon and impersonating an officer couldn't stomach the thought of a return to San Quentin and managed to lose himself up in Alaska. A burglar was the cause of a thirty-five hundred-dollar red entry in the books. He was caught and returned to serve his time—but five days after the ninety days had expired. The Judge wasn't in a giving mood. He kept the prisoner, and he kept my money.

The law is on our side when we have a skip. I didn't waste any time. Immediately, I obtained a certified copy of the bail bond, an admirable piece of paper that allowed me to go to legal extremes to bring a body back to Los Angeles—the defendant's body.

Only trouble was I couldn't find him.

In Los Angeles, we're only one hundred and forty miles from the Mexican border. Most of our skips try to slip across at Tijuana or Mexicali, and find the Mexican police are waiting with open handcuffs. We had a movie actor gone bad who jumped bail on one of my business friends. The actor managed to get over into Mexico where he carved up a policeman and was tossed into jail for ten months. At the end of his term, the Mexican police escorted him to the border and handed him across to the Los Angeles police. Just to make the story end to nearly everybody's satisfaction, my business friend entered suit and collected every dime he had lost on the bad actor.

But my $50,000-skip didn't head for Mexico. He slipped down into the Mojave Desert which forms almost the entire east wall of California, along with most of Arizona and Nevada. He lost himself in the sand and heat.

Months dragged by, May and June, and I thought our man was well on his way to Europe. Then July went into the books. We had two days to get him back. I had 'laid off' a good portion of the fifty thousand with one of the big surety companies, but they were just as unhappy as I was.

On August first we got a tip that sent us racing down to Baker with an escort of California State Highway patrolmen. We cut off on Highway 127 leading north to Death Valley. And we found the missing man holed up in a shack by an abandoned talc mine.

He fought like a man who was giving up the rest of his life. With a couple patrolmen leaning on him, we were able to tie him down in the car and start back to Los Angeles.

Time was running out. It was past four o'clock in the morning, and we were at least four hours away from Los Angeles, even with the motorcycle police leading the way. A tire blew, and the car flipped. We spit out the sand, dusted off the prisoner, and piled into another.

I kept sweating over the fifty thousand and the arrestee kept trying to kick everyone within swinging distance of his feet.

From the shape he was in, we should have gone first to the Georgia Street Receiving Hospital. Instead, we went roaring down Broadway at exactly nine o'clock in the morning, screeched into the big driveway of the Hall of Justice, and hustled our prisoner into the elevator.

I WAS SICK, wondering if the Judge was going to bang the gavel with us only five minutes late.

Outside the Judge's chambers, the embezzler's wife was waiting. She took a step toward him, and the rest of us fell back.

He gave her a big kiss, took two long steps over to the open window, and leaped through. Eight floors down.

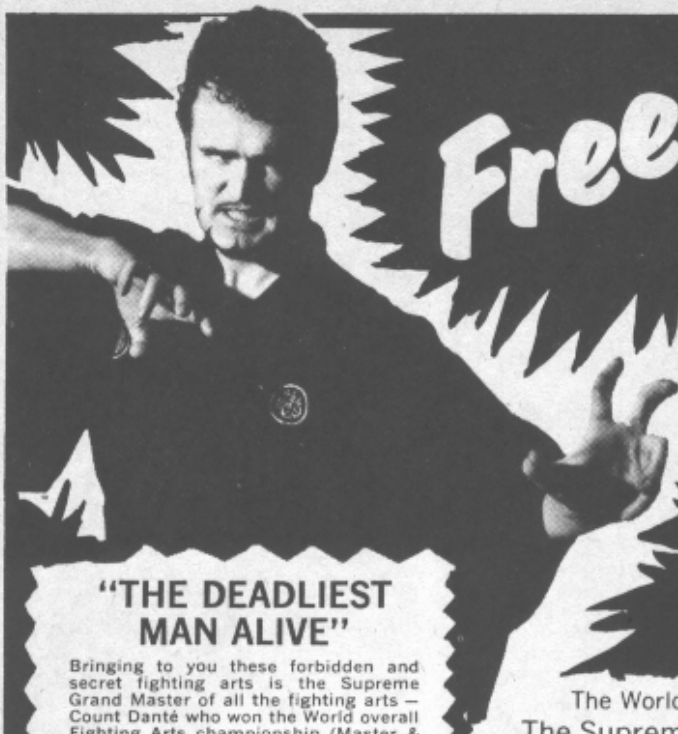
After the morgue put an identification on what remained of the body, the Judge called it quits and refunded the fifty thousand.

That was one ending.

I liked the other better. That young boy and girl caught outside the jewelry store. I stood alongside them in court. We watched a slip of white paper go from jury foreman to the bailiff, to the Judge. The Clerk read the verdict.

"Not Guilty."

Thank God I helped those young people prove their innocence. They couldn't have done it if I hadn't trusted them, if I hadn't taken a chance and bailed them out of the lowest pit of hell. ●



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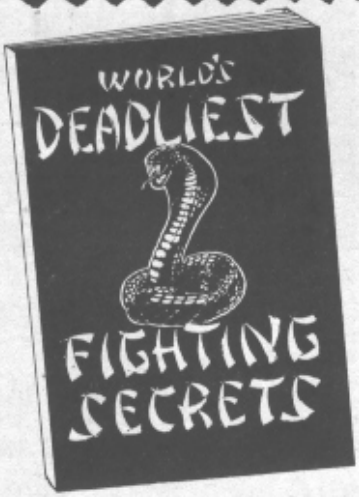

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The BLACK DRAGON FIGHTING SOCIETY is the WORLD'S DEADLIEST FIGHTING ORGANIZATION which has included in its closed membership the top fighting experts of the DREADED CHINESE TONG SOCIETY — the oriental, and more vicious counterpart of the Mafia. Its members, who are the world's top Masters in the oriental fistic and grappling arts, train in the most SECRET and FORBIDDEN aspects of the DEADLY Chinese fighting arts of GUNG FU, TAI CHI CHUAN, CHUAN-FA, KEMPO, HSING YI, PA-KUA, SHAOLIN BOXING and DIM MAK.

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Quickly add up to 2" on your arms, 4" on your chest. Build rippling back muscles. Thick, broad shoulders. The power to lift girls over your head with one arm! One twist of the "007" TWISTER and every muscle in your body ripples with new vigor and power. Builds strong muscles FAST!—muscles that make you an action-packed guy and a supercharged tiger with the girls! Easy-to-use. No adjustments. No assembly. Use it right out of the box for instant muscle-building fun! Made of chromed-steel tubing, the TWISTER is tough . . . durable . . . like *you'll* be! Guaranteed to muscle you up or your money back. ORDER NOW! Only **$9.98**

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2 This "Killer Karate Krusher" gives you pulverizing hand power!

Just 5 minutes a day for 30 days builds your hands into granite-hard battering-rams of power! Simply fit your fingers into the leather grippers, and with your very first squeeze, you'll instantly start building invincible new power into every tendon and ligament of your hands and fingers!

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MY GUARANTEE TO YOU: You'll own fearsome, ferocious, crippling arsenals of hand power—and become a "Terror-Fighter," able to take care of yourself in every situation — IN 30 DAYS — or your money back!

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3 THE END OF THE SKINNY BODY

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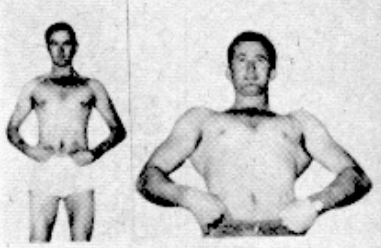

BEFORE—James Parker at a thin 158 pounds.

AFTER 14 days on the Crash-Weight Plan, Jim weighed 175 pounds.

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- ☐ Basic Electronics
- ☐ Math for Electronics
- ☐ Electronics for Automation
- ☐ Electrical Appliance Repair

☐ Check for facts on GI Bill

Name_____ Age_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

ACCREDITED MEMBER NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL